

THE GRAPHIC

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 556.—Vol. XXII.

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NOTE.—The pretension of another Corn Flour to be "the best" is entirely groundless, and the imperfect quotation from the *Lancet* which is being used in support of this pretension does not convey the opinion of that journal. — Vide *Lancet*, Nov. 13, 1875.

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[PARIS, 1878]

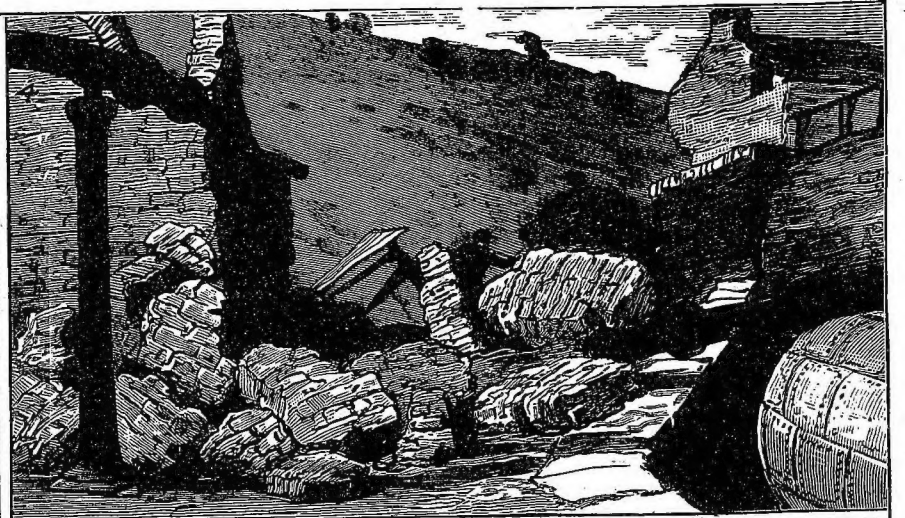
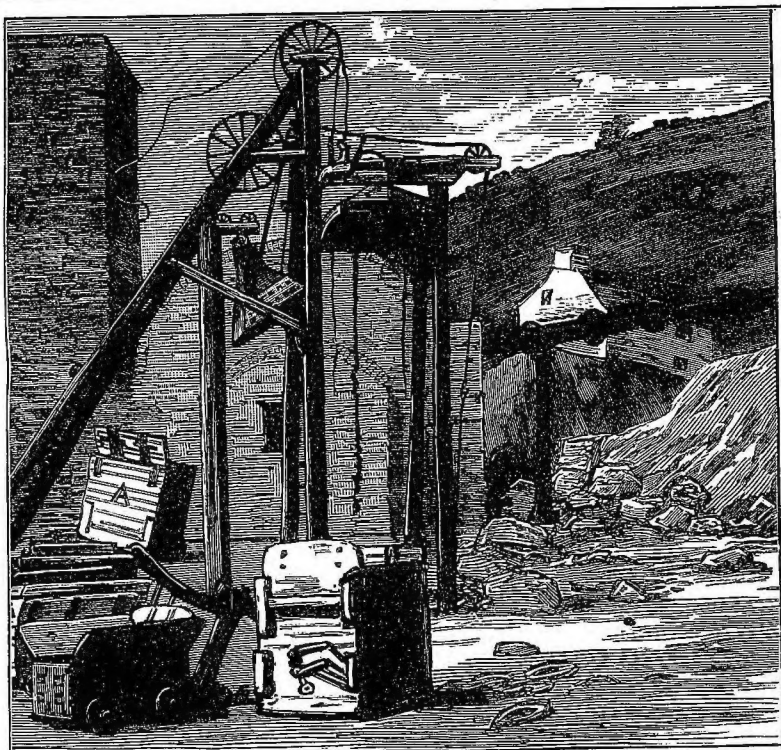
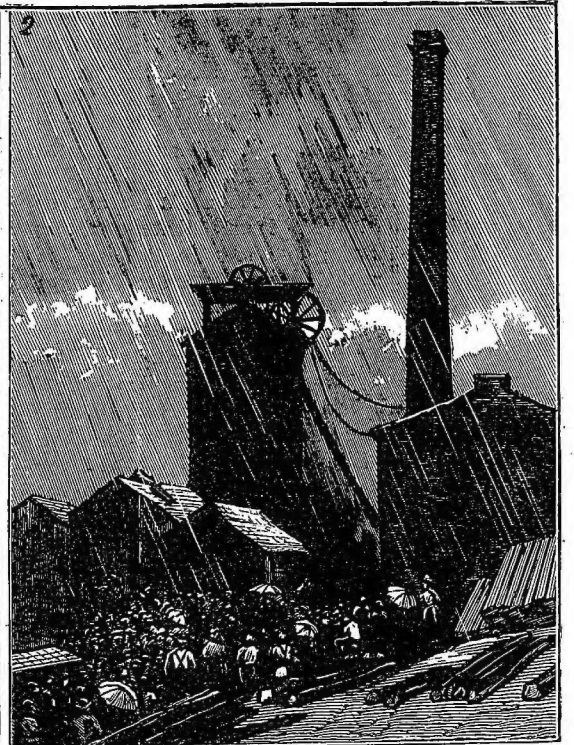
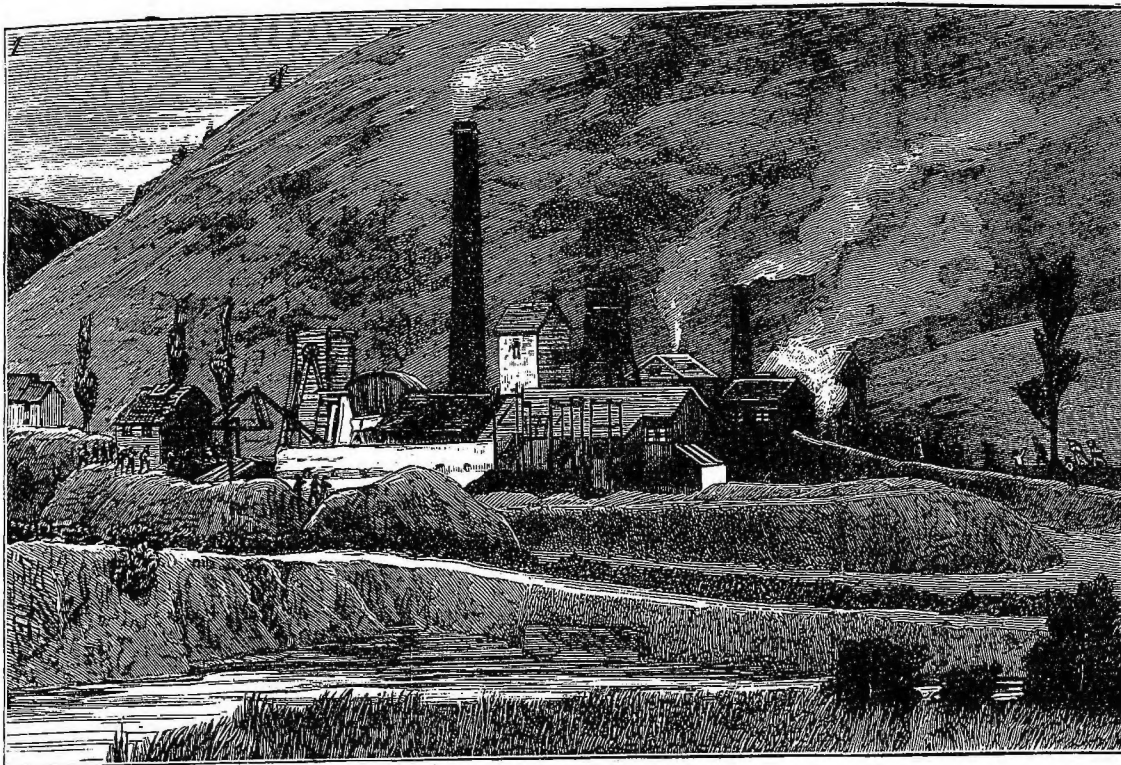
THE GEOGRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 556.—VOL. XXII.
Regd. at General Post Office as a Newspaper

SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1880

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1. The Risca Colliery : Scene of the Disaster.—2. The Approach to the Pit.—3. Upcast Shaft and Fan House (A, Old Cage Hurled Aside by the Force of the Explosion).—4. Ruins of the Fan Engine House.—5. Identifying the Bodies.

THE RISCA COLLIERY EXPLOSION

Topics of the Week

IRELAND AND THE GOVERNMENT.—It is hardly probable that the Irish Disturbance Bill, even if read a third time by the House of Commons, will be passed by the Lords. But whatever may be its fate, it is now clear that the Government have failed to conciliate any Irish party. In its original form it was received with favour by Mr. Parnell and his friends; but they now reject it as almost useless. At the same time it has had the effect of reviving extravagant hopes. There should be no mistake in this country as to the real character of the demands of the Irish peasantry. What they want is not mere amendment of the Land Laws; nor do they, except as a means to an end, care much about Home Rule. Their object is to obtain complete possession of the soil. They have never heartily admitted the right of the landlords, who are continually talked of in excited meetings as despots and robbers. While a Tory Government was in power it was understood that the existing system would be maintained; and sensible Irishmen, of course, know that the Liberal Government have no intention of abolishing it. Important concessions have, however, been offered; and a large section of the peasantry appear to be convinced that if sufficient pressure were brought to bear on the Ministry "Irish ideas" would be more and more considered. The Cabinet will have itself to blame if this notion leads to very disagreeable consequences. Both Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Forster have warned the Irish that there are certain limits beyond which no Government could ever venture to go; but these warnings ought to have been uttered sooner. A good deal of mischief has already been done, and it is not at all the less to be regretted because those who have done it are dominated by benevolent motives.

TOO MUCH AND TOO LITTLE WATER.—The summer of 1879 was distinguished by its low temperature and unceasing rains; the summer of 1880 has thus far been distinguished by its tremendous thunderstorms. The same quantity of rain which last year was spread over months has this year fallen in some localities in a few hours. The result in some of the Midland Counties has been unprecedented floods, sweeping away railway embankments and bridges, destroying tons of hay, and drowning cattle and sheep. Just now, when we in the metropolis are exercised about our water supply, one is tempted to consider whether these exceptional rainfalls could not be utilised. A few days ago Leicestershire and some of the adjoining counties formed a vast lake, probably containing water enough to supply all the great towns of Lancashire, Yorkshire, and the Midlands for a twelvemonth. We have before now recommended the formation of artificial lakes in all parts of the country. They are more needed than ever now that deep draining, railway making, and manufacturing, have either dried up or befouled the ancient brooks and rills. These lakes would not only be available for the water supply of the adjacent small towns and villages (now often wretchedly provided in droughty seasons) they would also afford perpetual recreation for boaters, bathers, and skaters; while, if judiciously stocked with fish, they would furnish nearly as much food as the space occupied by them did when covered by growing crops. But there is little prospect of such improvements as these being carried out by an overweighted Parliament, much of whose valuable time is wasted in partisan struggles. To accomplish these ends we want a welding together of the Conservancy Boards and other similar bodies, who shall be empowered to deal with the country as a geographical whole. If such a body existed, and, aided by the best engineering skill, were systematically to deepen river beds, plant forests on naked hill sides, and form reservoirs, both the wealth and beauty of the country would be vastly increased. Nor would several years of energetic work, on the part of these Commissioners, cost so much as the loss produced by one week of disastrous floods. In Ireland, especially, if the hills were reforested, and the bogs were kept under proper control, the island would be able to support, in comfort, a far larger population than at present.

M. GAMBETTA AND M. ROCHEFORT.—The first use M. Rochefort made of his restoration to civic rights was to declare war against the statesman to whom he mainly owes his deliverance. He has evidently begun the conflict with a light heart; but it does not follow that he will achieve much success. It is true that M. Gambetta has acquired more power than it is generally safe for nations to confide to any man; but he cannot be accused of having exercised it for unworthy ends. On the contrary, he has given innumerable proofs of devotion to France; and if the Republic is now firmly established it is because he has known, by tact and moderation, how to conciliate opposing interests. This is frankly admitted by the majority of Republicans; so that, unless he does something to forfeit their confidence, his position may probably be regarded as impregnable. M. Rochefort is misled by the ease with which he made himself formidable in the time of the Empire. The Emperor was vulnerable, not so much because he was personally unpopular, as because he represented a thoroughly corrupt system. How bad it was the Franco-German War clearly revealed; but

its defects were perceived from the beginning by most Frenchmen of average intelligence. The system represented by M. Gambetta may not be so near perfection as he and his friends sometimes say that it is; but at any rate it is supported by many of the best intellects in the country, and there is no reason why it should not be peacefully developed. These circumstances stand in M. Rochefort's way, and if he is not blinded by prejudice, events will probably compel him by and by to admit their force.

RUSSIAN ARMIES.—When we consider the enormous extent of European Russia alone, and how thinly scattered is the population over this area, we grudge that a single able-bodied man should be taken away from his best and most natural employment, namely, the conquest of the soil of Russia. Probably, if the poor moujiks were consulted in the matter they would rather stay at home and cultivate their fields. But they, though the vast majority, constitute a Russia which is almost dumb and speechless. The Russia which Western Europe generally knows, and which is personified as "she," consists of a body of politicians, naval and military officers, and contractors. These are the worthy folks who, if a war breaks out, get the halfpence, while the moujik gets the kicks; and so, if they do not actually desire war, they do not object to intrigues which are likely to lead to war. At the present time the Russian armies seem likely to have plenty on their hands. The flame of civil strife may any day be rekindled on the Turkish frontier. An army must be kept ready at hand to meet the emergency. On the German and Austrian borders strong forces must be maintained, in case a difference of opinion concerning the Eastern Question should arise with these Powers. Then a strong Russian force is engaged in the heart of Asia for the purpose of chastising the Turkomans. Lastly, there is imminent danger of a rupture with China. And, although in this case, a naval force may prove more effective than a military demonstration, it will be necessary in the Kuldja region to show that Russian troops can hold their own against Celestials. Poor, brave, simple-minded moujik! thus are you dragged east, south, and west, to fight battles in which you have no personal interest.

GERMAN OFFICIALS IN CONSTANTINOPLE.—The announcement that a number of German officers and financiers were about to enter the service of the Porte with the sanction of Prince Bismarck appeared at first to be almost incredible. It was, however, accurate, and for some days it has been the chief subject of discussion on the Continent. In his reply to Lord Brabourne on Tuesday Lord Granville tried to minimise its significance. The Porte, he said, had applied to Prince Bismarck for help of this kind five months ago, and the German Government had definitely asserted that it had no intention of breaking away from the European concert. All the same, we are confronted by the fact that at a time of great political difficulty Prince Bismarck has deliberately taken a step which must have been intended to attract general attention. The most probable theory is that he meant to warn Russia (and perhaps England) that the will of Germany must be taken into account in the settlement of the Eastern Question. It has been too hastily concluded by some English politicians that Germany would be indifferent to vital changes in Turkey. She might be so if it were certain that the Czar would make no attempt to succeed the Sultan; but every German is convinced that the ultimate aim of Russia is to secure Constantinople. This would obviously not suit Germany, since it would endanger the existence of Austria, and, whether rightly or wrongly, Austria is regarded as essential to the German Empire. The object of Prince Bismarck in the measure he has now adopted may be to indicate that these facts cannot be safely neglected.

DR. TANNER.—The fasting celebrities of ancient days lived at a period when scientific investigation was almost unknown, and when people were all the more ready to believe in a marvel because of its marvellousness. After the spirit of investigation set in, the fasting men and women did not fare (as regards their reputation) so well. They were generally proved to be humbugs, that is to say, although possessing abnormal powers of abstinence, they did not, as they professed, exist without any food. In many of these instances, especially where the patient belongs to the softer sex, there is a more or less conscious intermingling of hysteria and imposture. This seems to have been the case with the notorious "Welsh fasting girl," who, being closely watched by doctors, proved, with a sort of heroic inconsistency, the falsity of her allegations, by dying under their charge from want of food. It may appear unkind to say so, but we look with especial suspicion on American marvels. It is such a country for exaggerations, confidence tricks, and sham mysteries. Notoriety is there especially striven after, and as notoriety among a sensation-loving people invariably produces "gate-money," men will take exceeding pains to attain it. Far be it from us to say that the "Minnesota Medicine Man" is a humbug. But, on the other hand, we have hitherto been taught to believe that Nature abhors a vacuum (produced by want of food), and that the unsupplied stomach soon begins to feed on its own coats. Again, is it possible for a body of medical men, under such conditions as those observed at the Clarendon Hall, New York, to be certain that no food reaches their interesting patient? In neither

alternative do we envy Dr. Tanner. If he really goes foodless, he is trying a very hazardous experiment; whereas, if he surreptitiously gets small supplies of nourishment, he still endures great discomfort, which cannot be much relieved by the consciousness that he is "making game" of a solemn conclave of "Sawbones."

TURKISH HESITANCY.—It is not expected that Turkey will deliver a very definite reply to the Collective Note. She can hardly refuse in positive terms to accept what are called the decisions of the Conference; but it is open to her to point out the difficulties in the way of a complete settlement, and to intensify them secretly by encouraging the resistance of the Albanians. Should she adopt this course, her hope will be that the conflicting interests of the Powers will hinder them from attempting coercion. In this, however, she may be mistaken. It may be the interest of more than one State to bring on a European war; and even if they all sincerely wish to avoid a conflict, it may not be possible for them to prevent it. For the south-eastern peninsula is plainly in so confused a state that some unforeseen incident may at almost any moment occasion dangerous complications. A general war would almost inevitably end in the exclusion of the Porte from Europe. Germany and Austria would take care that Russia did not inherit its possessions; but they would hardly trouble themselves to prop up a Government which has been so long decaying. Some attempt would, at any rate, be made to provide a new arrangement, which, whether satisfactory or not, would be essentially different from the existing system. If Turkish statesmen were as prudent as they are cunning, they would take these contingencies into account, and get both the Greek and the Montenegrin question out of the way. To give up large slices of territory may be a disagreeable process; but the only alternative is either to do this, or to risk the loss of the whole Empire.

CO-OPERATIVE TRADING AND THE CIVIL SERVICE.—Mr. Chamberlain very properly pointed out to the deputation which visited him last Saturday that they had confused together two matters which ought to be kept quite distinct. Because he had doubted whether it was conducive to the public interest that Civil servants should act as managers of "Stores," he had been represented as an enemy to co-operative trading. Nevertheless, this confusion of mind is by means unnatural, if we take the trouble to remember how the "Stores" originated, and how they gradually expanded. These gigantic organisations arose from a very small beginning. A few clerks, it is said, clubbed together for the sake of getting a chest of tea at wholesale price, and by degrees their example spread. But as their business increased in magnitude, the scope of these establishments was gradually widened. The friends of these enterprising Government clerks became desirous of participating in their emancipation from the thralldom of the retail shopkeeper. Being glad to push their sales—for the bigger their trade the cheaper they could buy—the managers furnished their friends with tickets, and the word "friend" presently meant any one who could produce a ticket, until at last these Civil Service Associations became, to use Mr. Chamberlain's words, great trading associations, and nothing else. The question then arises whether a man in one of the higher branches of the Government service can properly fulfil the duties for which he is paid, if he has also on his shoulders the responsibility of the joint-management of one of these big shops. His work is not so easily checked as that of a dockyard labourer, or of a postman, who have specified duties to perform, any neglect of which is readily discoverable. But it seems not unlikely, judging from other attempts to serve two masters, that the thoughts of his heart, between ten and four, are as often with the "Stores" as with the Government, and therefore it is not surprising to learn that in the opinion of experienced officials this state of things is not conducive to the efficient working of the public service. But it is plain that the expression of this opinion has no connection with the abstract merits or demerits of co-operative trading.

NOTICE.—The Half Sheet this week, though delivered in the middle of the Paper, must be placed for binding between pages 92 and 101.

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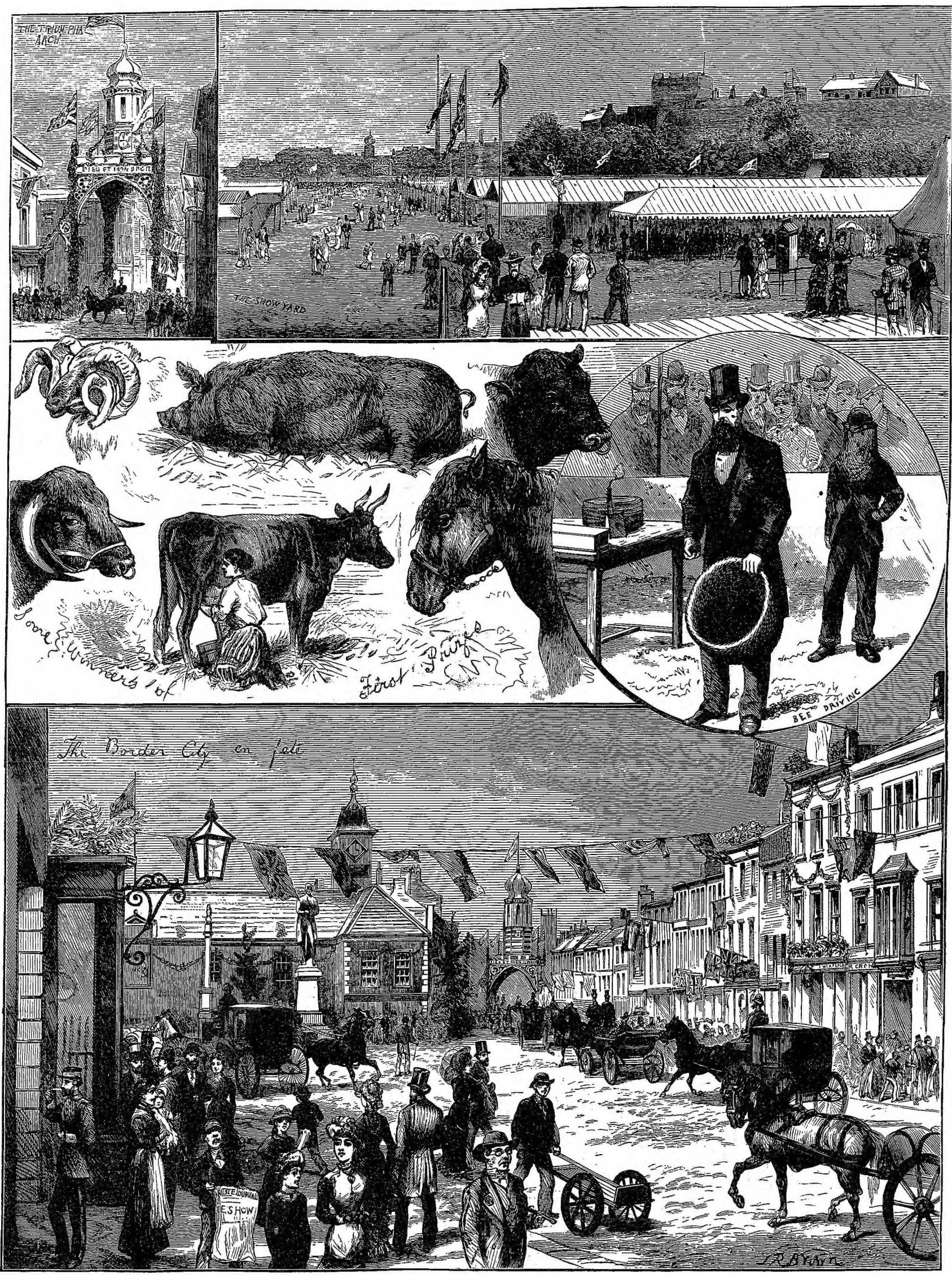
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THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY'S SHOW AT CARLISLE



THE WIMBLEDON RIFLE MEETING—NOTES IN CAMP

to the earth gave the signal for the National Anthem, and the review was over.

Her Majesty did not, however, retire immediately to the Castle, but drove to a rising ground in order to see the troops on the march towards their encampment. The storm which had so long held over at last burst with great fury, and the troops were drenched to the skin long before the camp was reached. The rain continued throughout the night, and naturally caused great discomfort. Next morning, with her usual kind thoughtfulness, the Queen sent to inquire after the condition of the troops.

THE PRINCESS OF WALES AND THE CHELSEA HOSPITAL FOR WOMEN

THE Chelsea Hospital for Women was founded in 1871 for the reception and treatment of gentlewomen in reduced circumstances and of respectable poor women, and was established in a building in the King's Road, Chelsea. The number of patients, however, increased so rapidly that it was felt necessary to secure further accommodation, and an appeal was sent forth for funds to build a new hospital. This being duly responded to, and a site having been obtained in the Fulham Road, the foundation-stone was laid by the Princess of Wales on the 16th inst. A large number of people were invited to witness the ceremony, and the Princess, who was accompanied by the Prince and two of her children, was received by the Bishop of London and the authorities of the hospital. A little child (Miss Nellie Mack) then presented the customary bouquet, and not content with curtsying to the Princess, held out her hand to be shaken by the Prince. Then followed the National Anthem, sung by the choir, a prayer from the Bishop, and an address from the President of the Hospital, the Earl of St. Germans, in which he asked permission for two of the wards to be named "Alexandra" and "Albert Edward" respectively. After a response from the Prince, more singing by the choir, and a reading by the treasurer of the record to be placed in the stone, the Princess stepped forward, and tapping the stone with a silver trowel said, "I lay this stone in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen!" Various ladies then presented purses, and the Bishop concluded the proceedings by offering up another prayer and pronouncing the Benediction. Contributions in aid of the hospital may be sent to the Secretary, Mr. J. S. Wood.

"LORD BRACKENBURY"

A NEW NOVEL, by Miss Amelia B. Edwards, is continued on page 93.

GREAT FIRE IN TOKIO, JAPAN

ON Friday, December 26th, a terrible fire occurred in Tokio. The wind at the time was blowing a regular gale from the north, and in a very few hours almost every house in twenty-one wards had been swept clean away, leaving only mud "go-downs" (or Japanese fire-proof stores) standing. The fire began shortly after mid-day, and lasted until nearly four o'clock next morning. About 40,000 people were rendered homeless, about 200 perished in the flames. Nearly 10,000 Japanese houses were burnt, and in the foreign settlement of Tsukiji five or six European houses and one church were destroyed. The fire leaped across the Sumida river, where it is nearly as wide again as the Thames at Waterloo Bridge, and also burnt about sixty junks.

NEW MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT

CHARLES DONALDSON-HUDSON, Esq., M.P. for Newcastle-under-Lyme (Conservative), is the only surviving son of Mr. John Donaldson, of Wigton, Cumberland. He was born in 1840, educated at Oxford, and took the additional name of Hudson on succeeding to some property left by his great-uncle, the late Mr. T. Hudson, some time M.P. for Evesham. He was a member of the London School Board in 1866, and is a Captain in the Shropshire Yeomanry Cavalry.

JOHN GIVAN, Esq., M.P. for Monaghan County (Liberal), is the eldest son of the late Mr. J. Givan, linen manufacturer, of Aughnacloy, county Tyrone. He was born in 1837, educated privately, admitted as a solicitor in 1870, and is in practice in Dublin and Aughnacloy, where he is a Magistrate and Chairman of Commissioners.

SIR ARTHUR DIVETT HAYTER, Bart., M.P. for Bath (Liberal), who is the only son of the late Sir W. G. Hayter, Bart., was born in 1835, and educated at Eton and Oxford. He was formerly a Captain in the Grenadier Guards, and is a Magistrate for the counties of Berkshire and Somerset. He was M.P. for Wells from 1865 to 1868, and for Bath from 1873 to 1880.

JOHN COMPTON LAWRENCE, Esq., Q.C., M.P. for South Lincolnshire (Conservative), is the only son of the late T. Munton Lawrence, Esq. He was born in 1832, educated privately, called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1859, and took silk in 1877. He is a Bencher of his Inn, a Magistrate for Lincolnshire, and Recorder of Derby.

JAMES CARLILE MCCOAN, Esq., M.P. for Wicklow County ("Liberal Home Ruler"), was born in 1829, educated at Dangan School and London University, called to the Bar at the Middle Temple in 1856, and after practising for about seventeen years at the Supreme Consular Court of the Levant, Constantinople, returned to England, and joined the South-Eastern Circuit. While in Turkey he founded and edited the *Levant Herald*. He is the author of "Egypt As It Is," "Our New Protectorate," "Consular Jurisdiction in Turkey and Egypt," and several political pamphlets.

DANIEL ROWLINSON RATCLIFF, Esq., M.P. for Evesham (Liberal), is the son of the late J. Ratcliff, Esq., of Edgbaston. He was born in 1839, educated at King Edward's School, Birmingham, and was formerly managing partner in the firm of T. Milner and Son, safe makers, of Liverpool and London, but has now retired from business. He is a Magistrate for Warwickshire.

STUART RENDEL, Esq., M.P. for Montgomeryshire (Liberal), is a son of the late Sir J. M. Rendel, the eminent engineer. He was born in 1834, educated at Eton and Oxford, and called to the Bar at the Inner Temple in 1861, but has never practised, having become a member of Sir W. Armstrong's engineering firm, and its managing partner in London.

EDWARD WAUGH, Esq., M.P. for Cockerhouth (Liberal), is a son of the late Mr. J. L. Waugh, of Irthington, Cumberland. He was born in 1816, educated privately, became a solicitor in 1840, and is head of the firm of Messrs. E. and E. L. Waugh, Cockerhouth, where he holds the offices of County Court Registrar, Clerk to the Magistrates, and Clerk to the Commissioner of Taxes.

Our portrait of Mr. Donaldson-Hudson is from a lithograph, published by Morris and Co., 392, Strand. The others are from photographs:—Messrs. Lawrence and McCoan, by the London Stereoscopic Company, 54, Cheapside; Mr. Waugh, by Fradelle and Marshall, 230 and 246, Regent Street, W.; Sir A. Hayter, by M. Medington, 44, Milson Street, Bath; Mr. Rendel, by J. Owen, Broad Street, Newtown, North Wales; and Mr. Givan, by Chancellor, 55, Lower Sackville Street, Dublin.

"TWO'S COMPANY AND THREE'S NONE"

MR. GLINDONI'S humorous conception comes home to nearly everybody. A great many of us have gone through this very experience. On a balmy summer's evening, nothing is pleasanter to the eyes of a pair of sweethearts, each of whom, perhaps, has had to walk some distance before meeting, than the sight of a bench.

They take their seats, but before their anticipated dalliance can begin, down plumps upon the same seat a third party, an elderly gentleman probably, absorbed in a book, and heedless of lovers' feelings. "I do wish he'd go," the hapless swain is evidently muttering; while the damsel, in consequence of this undesirable apparition, sits bolt upright, the very pink of propriety.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

See page 95.

THE WIMBLEDON RIFLE MEETING

THE annual rifle competition at Wimbledon has proved as attractive to our Volunteers as ever, and notwithstanding the unfavourable weather, which when not actually wet has been very cloudy, and thus caused much shifting light, the shooting has been on the whole very good. For the Queen's Prize four marksmen made the highest possible score of 35 at the 200 yards range on Tuesday last week, and next day at the 500 yards, two others tied at 35. The 600 yards shooting on Thursday completed the first stage of this competition, and on Friday 27 men, who had each made a score of 90, turned out in a heavy thunderstorm to shoot off the tie. The close of the contest on Tuesday last was very exciting. The shooting at the second range of 900 yards left Private Kelman, of the 1st Ross, with 53, Colour-Sergeant Brooking, of the 22nd Middlesex, with 52, and Private Hargreaves, of the 46th Lancashire, and Private Ferguson, of the 1st Argyll, with 46 each. At the 1,000 yards, Brooking made three inners, a miss, an outer, a centre, and a miss, making a total score of 70. Hargreaves raised his score to 72, making two bull's-eyes, two inners, two magpies, and an outer. Ferguson followed with three bull's-eyes, one inner, and three magpies, making a total score of 74. Kelman, who had already made 72, with his last shot scored an inner, unfortunately upon the wrong target, and thus lost the Blue Ribbon of the year by inadvertence. The Queen's Prize of 250*l.*, therefore, was won by Ferguson, with a score nine points short of that made by Corporal Taylor, of the 47th Lancashire, by whom it was carried off last year. Directly the result of the contest was known, Ferguson was loudly cheered, and the usual honours were paid to him by his brother volunteers. He is a mason of Campbelltown, has been a volunteer for eight years, but has never before been to Wimbledon.

The University Match was won by Cambridge, and the Lords and Commons by the representatives of the Lower Chamber. On Sunday there was a crowd of visitors in Camp, the weather being fine. The regiments mustered in full strength for Church parade in front of the Cottage, and marched to the Umbrella Tent, where the Rev. Canon Fleming preached. On Tuesday Sir Garnet Wolseley visited the Canadians' camp, and made a short speech to the men, recalling the time when he led his first expedition in the country which they represent.

On Wednesday the Countess Stanhope's garden party at the Cottage was very largely and fashionably attended.

On Thursday the Elcho Shield and Public Schools competitions took place, and on Friday (yesterday) that of the Yeomanry and Mounted Rifles for the Lloyd-Lindsay Prize, while to-day (Saturday) the Camp will doubtless be crowded with spectators to witness the distribution of prizes by H.R.H. the Princess of Wales.



MINISTERS WITHOUT SEATS.—The Government has now two men overboard at one time, the Lord Advocate having been defeated at Berwick by the narrow majority of two, and Mr. Dodson, President of the Local Government Board, having been unseated on petition in consequence of the corrupt acts of certain members of the Chester Liberal caucus. The Hon. Beilby Lawley is also unseated on the same grounds, but both gentlemen are honourably acquitted of any complicity with their "agents." Up to the present time twelve Liberals and five Conservatives have been unseated, and seven or eight petitions are still to be tried. The by-elections since the General Election have resulted in the return of three Conservatives and seven Liberals for seats which in the last Parliament were held by six Conservatives and four Liberals.

THE EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY BILL.—The Central Board of the Miners' National Union, which directly represents 250,000 working miners, have sent a memorial to the Premier, respectfully but most emphatically protesting against the incorporation of any insurance clause whatever into any measure of this kind, which the workmen seek to press forward, not with a view to money compensation, but rather to increased safety in following their many hazardous occupations.

MR. PARNELL, M.P., who, by the way has accepted the presidency of a new organisation, which calls itself "The Irish Political Exiles' Complete Amnesty Association," has issued a circular to all the Home Rule societies in Great Britain, calling on them to appoint delegates to attend a Home Rule Convention on the 9th prox. He says "that it is of the utmost importance, now that attention is directed to Ireland, that the Irishmen in England, Scotland, and Wales should demonstrate that they are not slackening in their advocacy of Irish rights."

THE PRINCE NAPOLEON'S MONUMENT.—Yielding to the opinion expressed by Parliament on this subject, the Memorial Committee have withdrawn their proposal to place it in Westminster Abbey, and Dean Stanley has acceded to the withdrawal. He, however, explains that he does so only because the proposed honour, met in a temper so unlike that in which it was offered, would lose its gracious intention, and declares that there are few acts of his official life on which he looks back with more satisfaction than the acceptance of the proposal. The memorial which was to have been placed in Westminster Abbey will be erected in St. George's Chapel, Windsor. The demonstration in St. James's Hall, on the night previous to Mr. Briggs' resolution coming before the House, was large and enthusiastic. Sir Wilfrid Lawson, who presided, said that there was nothing great or glorious in the birth, the life, or the death, of the young man whose memory it was thought to honour by a place in the Abbey. He was the son of one of the greatest criminals of our age, and at the time of his death, he was "assisting English savages" in an unjust war for the purpose of preparing himself for a descent upon France with the object of uprooting the young Republic. Among the other speakers were Mr. Briggs, Mr. A. Dilke, Professor Beesley, Mr. Mowatt, and Mr. Justin McCarthy. In addition to the resolution condemning the proposed memorial, another was passed addressed to Mr. Chalmers-Lacour, the new French Ambassador, congratulating him on appointment to that office, and assuring him of the sympathy of the meeting, both with himself personally and with the country which he represents.

VIVISECTION.—A memorial, signed by more than one hundred representative men, among whom are the Earl of Shaftesbury, Lord Coleridge, Sir F. Kelly, several Bishops, a score or so of doctors and surgeons, a number of M.P.'s, the Chief Rabbi, the Head Masters of Harrow, Rugby, and other schools, the Poet Laureate, Mr. Browning, Mr. Froude, and Mr. Ruskin; has been presented to Mr. Gladstone, entreating him to exert the high powers with which he has been entrusted to put an end to vivisection. The memorialists

urge that no anæsthetic can cover the long periods of torture involved when dogs, cats, or rabbits are stewed, baked, or roasted alive; and, in disproof of the plea of utility of vivisection to mankind, they refer to the well-known opinions of Sir W. Fergusson, Dr. Syme, and Sir C. Bell, that "it has been of no use at all, or has led to error as often as to truth;" and Bernard's confession that the hands of the physiologists are still "empty" of any gifts for suffering humanity.

LOOK TO YOUR DRAINS.—At the Duke of Portland's sale at Welbeck, on the 16th ult., some ham-sandwiches were served amongst other refreshments. About sixty or seventy people who partook of them became seriously ill, and four of them died within a few days. The cause of their death was a mystery, there being none of the ordinary symptoms of poisoning, and no traces of trichinæ. At last, however, it was proved that the meat had been kept, during the night before the sale, in a room through which ran "a long open drainage-channel, covered by a grating," connected by a pipe with the "system of sewers" on the estate. This to most minds would have been a sufficiently strong hint; but the coroner's jury were cautious, and returned a verdict stating that "there was no positive evidence to show how the meat became contaminated."

COLLAPSE OF A MONUMENT.—On Monday a lofty obelisk, which was in course of erection on Tower Hill, Beaumaris, as a public memorial to the late Sir Richard Bulkeley, formerly Lord-Lieutenant of Carnarvonshire, suddenly fell, some of the workmen leaving a very narrow escape. The monument, which was to have been unveiled next week, stands in a very exposed situation, and it is supposed that the recent heavy storms weakened its foundations.

AN ORANGE FUNERAL.—The young man Foulkes, who was killed in the streets of Liverpool on the 12th inst., was buried in Anfield Cemetery on Sunday, and the funeral was made the occasion for another demonstration. The procession of mourners, who carried lilies and wore orange-coloured neck-ties and other emblems, is stated to have been a mile in length, while the crowd of sympathising spectators was estimated at 100,000.

THE RECENT STORMS AND FLOODS are reported to have done immense damage to property throughout the country, and a large number of lives have been lost, some people having been struck dead by lightning, and others drowned in the floods. The standing crops are greatly injured, and the hay has also suffered badly. Railway traffic has been interrupted on the Midland, Great Northern, Great Western, and London and North Western Railways, the greatest sufferer perhaps was the Midland, on which there were several bridges washed away.

DISASTERS AT SEA.—On Saturday, a dense fog hung over the Channel, and quite a number of collisions took place, the most serious being that between the ship *Hydaspes* and the steamer *Centurion*, off Dungeness. The former vessel, which was in tow of a tug, was cut down far below water, and sank in about ten minutes, but her crew and passengers were all saved, including three stowaways, and even the ship's dog. Great coolness and presence of mind are said to have been displayed on board the *Hydaspes*, but complaint is made of the conduct of those on board the *Centurion*.—On the same day a Belgian barque called the *Scheldt*, laden with matches and petroleum, was destroyed by fire near the Isle of Wight, the crew being rescued by the London and South Western Company's steamer *Maria*.—On Friday the Canadian mailsteamer *Nova Scotian* arrived in the Mersey, bringing part of the crew of three vessels, which had been wrecked in the Atlantic; twenty-three men belonging to the steamer *F. W. Harris* of London, which ran ashore in a fog near Cape Race; five to the brigantine *Titanica*, which had sunk off Newfoundland, after collision with an iceberg; and two to the *Gondolier* of Charlottetown, which was lost off Sable Island, three of her crew being drowned.

A GREAT FIRE occurred on Tuesday at Dunmore Mansion House, Stirlingshire, the seat of Lord Dunmore, who is now in Canada. The whole of the stables and offices were destroyed, the gamekeeper's house being wrecked by the explosion of a quantity of gunpowder, but the mansion itself was happily preserved.

BRUTAL BARGEMEN.—The other day, two little boys who were playing by the side of the Regent's Canal fell into the water. One of them was rescued by a man who happened to be passing, and who would most likely have succeeded in saving the other also had he not, as is reported, been actually driven out of the water by some bargemen, who, though shouted to to stop, deliberately kept on with their barges right over the spot whence later on the body of the second boy was recovered. If the report of what took place be correct, the inhuman fellows deserve to be placed on their trial for manslaughter.



EARLY on Tuesday morning the Compensation for Disturbance Bill passed through Committee. A cloud no bigger than a man's hand when Mr. Forster, in the ingenuousness of his nature, first brought it in and attempted to pass it as a clause in the Relief Bill, this unhappy measure grew till it overspread the House, and cast a dark gloom upon the prospects of the Ministry. Even now, when it has ostensibly passed through its most laborious stage, the Bill is far from completion, even in its House of Commons' garb. It stands for Report on Monday; but, to dismiss from consideration the certainty that it will be challenged at this stage both by the Parnellites and the Conservative Irreconcilables, there is a most important matter of detail yet to be decided upon.

Even amongst the bewildering succession of changes introduced in the progress of the Bill, it will not be forgotten that after two nights' discussion Mr. Forster agreed to postpone his decision on the proposal that the Bill should be limited in its application to holdings of 30*l.* rental per year. The mere approach to this question was barred by two nights' debate. It is in nowise settled by what has since taken place, and Members will come down on Monday with all the freshness induced by a week's surcease of the topic. Lord Elcho, who has been known to make the same speech twice over on the same night, may be counted upon to repeat all that he has said so far back as a week ago, and other Members will, though perhaps less audaciously, follow his example.

It is true that the debate on Monday last showed some indication of weariness. This rose partly from the fact that Members had been at it every day for a week, but principally because in the particular amendment left for division there was nothing on which debate might be decently founded. Mr. Gladstone's amendment in substitution of Mr. Law's clause being passed, there remained nothing to talk about till such time as Mr. Forster's amendment as to limitation of rental should be reached. It will be understood, even by elementary students of Parliamentary proceedings, that the absence of any matter for discussion does not prevent hon. members from discussion. They talked on Monday night as they have talked since the Session opened. But there was less of the heat and force which had marked the earlier conversations on the same subject.

About nine o'clock, the original Bill being passed through Committee, there remained only a series of proposed new clauses to be moved. These had not the slightest chance of getting accepted, having which knowledge some members in charge of them positively forbore to explain them in a speech. The debate was evidently

flickering out. It seemed at this time that the Bill might go through the Committee, and that the wild hope expressed by the Premier at the opening of the sitting might be realised, and the Customs and Inland Revenue Bill taken up. About ten o'clock a phenomenon made itself manifest which explained several things. The Irish members were observed trooping in one by one, and taking up their seats in the quarter more legitimately occupied by their sometime allies—Lord Randolph Churchill, Sir Henry Wolff, and Mr. Gorst. It was then noted that the Irish members had been absent during the early hours of the discussion, which explained the quietness and comparative rapidity of progress hinted at above. The trooping in of Irish members at a particular hour, suggestive of a rendezvous having been given, has on former occasions been followed by late sittings. Mr. Parnell and his friends, refreshed and strengthened by a long interval of rest, were placed at a great advantage over others who had borne the burden and heat of the day. One section of the House is beginning to think of going home, when the other arrives determined to make a night of it.

A glance at the paper of amendments suggested the true meaning of this remarkable muster. The schedule of a Bill is a portion very rarely interfered with by amendments. The Compensation for Disturbance Bill contained in the schedule the names of parishes and unions within which the Act was to operate. Irish members having been defeated on the proposal to extend the Bill to the whole of Ireland, eagerly seized this opportunity of endeavouring to extend it piecemeal. Each member had one or two more amendments, proposing to include in the schedule particular districts, the aggregate of which would leave a very small part of Ireland out of the Bill. The discussion presently reached the level of a farce. Hon. members for Ireland, lapsing into brogue at sight of the tabulated list of names of Irish parishes, proposed addition after addition of uncouth names, which carried no sense to the mind of the average member of Parliament beyond one of the inconvenience of a country where every other hamlet prefaces its name with "Bally." The question being put, the House was called upon to decide by its vote, and the spectacle was presented of hundreds of English and Scotch members going out to vote "no" on the question whether Ballymahoy should be scheduled with Ballyjamesduff. Of course they had not the slightest knowledge on the subject, but were justified in supposing that the Chief Secretary had carefully considered it, and was more likely to be a reliable authority than Mr. O'Sullivan or Mr. Callan.

It was on this labour that the House remained for fully five hours, dividing and disputing, and getting uncomfortably hot over the illimitable succession of "Ballys." Mr. Gladstone, who would have been much better in bed, sat through it all, having been in his place shortly after four on the previous afternoon, remained till after three on Tuesday morning, walking home in the broad daylight.

It was something that the Bill, even in its uncomplete condition, should have passed through Committee, for the House is terribly tired of it. On Tuesday a discussion of quite a different character rose on the Customs and Inland Revenue Bill, which embodies the Premier's Budget scheme. For some reason not yet explained the Irish members did not regard the question as one on which they were privileged to talk. Mr. Biggar, who as Mr. Chaplin will remember, is capable of learnedly discoursing on locomotives on roads, shrank from grappling with the intricacies of the business of brewing. The result was seen in the changed tone of the House. There were many speeches made which the House would willingly have let die, the more willingly if they had been stillborn. But speeches like Mr. Hubbard's, though they have been made so often as to be quite familiar words, really are designed to mould the details of the Bill under discussion. There was not at any time the slightest breath of obstruction. Indeed, Lord Randolph Churchill, "as representing an agricultural constituency," expressed his high approval of the proceeding by which the Malt Tax was abolished.

After this it was clear the Bill must pass; Sir Stafford Northcote did his share towards bringing about the consummation by advising Mr. Hubbard not to go to a division. Mr. Hubbard thought he knew better than the late Chancellor of the Exchequer, and, dividing the House, found himself one of twenty-three in the lobby. The majority on this division was so decisive that it crushed any incipient intention there might have been to bar the House from going into Committee at the morning sitting. This step in progress was accordingly made, and at the evening sitting the Bill was taken up again. In the same business-like manner, which strikes the habit of the new Parliament as altogether novel and odd, the discussion was carried till a late hour, leaving just time to read the Irish Distress Bill for the Third Time. The Budget Bill was taken up again on Wednesday afternoon, and, after a quiet debate, progress was reported on Clause 43.



Mr. J. T. RAYMOND, an American actor of some note, made his first appearance in England on Monday last at the Gaiety Theatre in a play by Mark Twain, the American humourist, originally known as *The Gilded Age*, but now called *Colonel Sellers*. The piece is a curious association of farce and melodrama, and is altogether wanting in that ingenuity of design which might reasonably have been expected at the hands of so clever a writer. Its theme—so at least the audience are led to expect—is the speculative enthusiasm of an American Colonel, who is always full of magnificent projects which stand in ludicrous contrast to the domestic straits from which he is constantly suffering. Here we have obviously a subject promising well for that combination of humour and pathos which is so effective on the stage; and some progress in this direction seems to be making when the Colonel, whose *bona fide* faith in his own schemes renders him by no means an unamiable person in the eyes of the audience, is found to have involved an intimate friend in ruin. All this appears to point to a *dénouement* in which the speculators brought to the brink of penury will be found to have been saved after all by the sober industry and steady faith in honest exertion cherished all along by some cooler head in the little circle. The play, however, has not got beyond the second act before all hope of a consecutive story or harmonious plan is clearly at an end. The Colonel, with his eccentric humour, perfect good-nature, and unbounded self-confidence is an amusing person, and though Mr. Raymond is not an actor of any very great or original powers, he is able by his genuine vivacity and oddity of manner to render this character very acceptable to the audience; but this circumstance renders it the more to be regretted that from the position of the central figure and pivot, so to speak, of the play he is eventually reduced to the position of a mere incidental personage—a hanger on, as it were, of the feeble melodramatic thread with which he is thus arbitrarily associated. More than once on Monday the audience appeared to be about to protest energetically against the incongruous melodramatic details, which include an assassination of a faithless lover by his furious victim, and a consequent trial for murder, which, commencing in a sombre tone, rapidly assumes the comic aspect of the celebrated case of "Bardell v. Pickwick." The friendly feeling which ultimately prevailed among the audience, and the final success of the performance, must be chiefly attributed to the amusement afforded by the sayings and doings of the Colonel. Miss

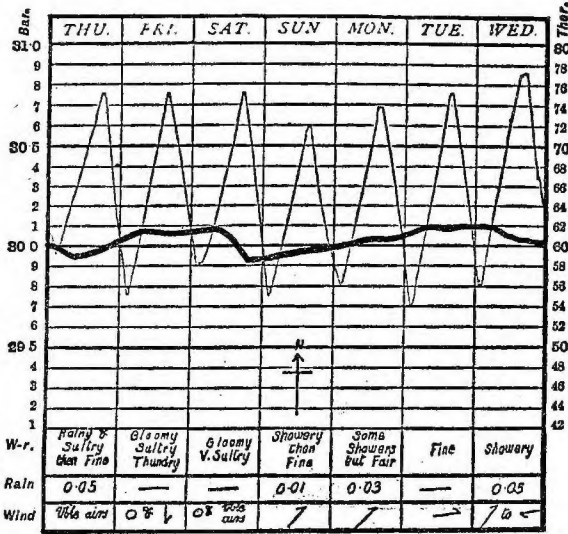
Katherine Rodgers, who sustains the character of the injured lady referred to, will be remembered by some playgoers as the representative of the heroine of Mr. Boucicault's *Formosa* at DRURY LANE Theatre. She is an actress of some power, though unfortunately her rather laboured style rather tends to bring into prominence the insincerity of the melodramatic elements of Mark Twain's play.

A series of performances, partly by amateurs and partly by professional actors and actresses, given at the Gaiety Theatre, on Wednesday afternoon, for the benefit of the Maddison-Morton Testimonial Fund, attracted a large and distinguished audience. Mr. Morton is well known as the author of *Box and Cox*, and numerous other clever farces and comediettas. The interest of the occasion was much enhanced by the reappearance of Mrs. Keeley in her original part of Betsy Baker in Mr. Morton's amusing farce of that name. Mr. Toole, Mr. David James, Mr. Thorne, Miss Larkin, Mr. Billington, Miss Amy Roselle, Mr. Arthur Cecil, Mr. George Grossmith, Mr. Corney Grain, and Miss Florence St. John also took part in the performance. Among the amateurs were Mr. W. S. Gilbert, Mr. Edmund Yates, Mr. Byron, Mr. Charles Dickens, and many other gentlemen well known in the world of letters.

At the LYCEUM the *Merchant of Venice* will be performed for the 250th consecutive time on the 28th inst., and also (for the last time) on the 30th inst. Mr. Irving will take his annual benefit on the 31st inst. with *Charles the First*. Mr. Bancroft, Mr. Sims Reeves, his son, Mr. Herbert Reeves, and Mr. Toole, will also lend their aid on this occasion.

It is stated that Mr. Wills has completed his new version of *Black-Eyed Susan*, which will be produced next season at the ST. JAMES'S, under the title of *William*.—Mr. Boucicault's comedy, to be produced at the HAYMARKET, is a modified version of his piece, entitled *Marriage*, brought out in New York about three years ago. Its new title is *The Bridal Tour*.

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK JULY 15 TO JULY 21 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the Barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—At the commencement of this period the weather was dull, close, and sultry, and continued so until Sunday (18th inst.), when a somewhat decided improvement set in. Temperature rose to a maximum of 75° on all three days—viz. Thursday, Friday, and Saturday (15th, 16th, and 17th inst.), but on Sunday (18th inst.), the air was fresher and cooler, the maximum being only 72°. A few slight showers fell on Monday (19th inst.), but Tuesday (20th inst.) was unusually fine and bright, and on this occasion the thermometer again reached 75°. On Wednesday (21st inst.) the air became once more close and thick, and although there was very little bright sunshine the thermometer in the shade reached 77°. The winds were extremely light and variable during the first three days, and again on Wednesday (21st inst.), but on other occasions westerly or south-westerly breezes have prevailed. The changes in the barometer have been very slight indeed, but although no serious atmospheric disturbance is likely to advance upon us, there are several small depressions continually making their appearance, so that the weather continues in a most unsettled condition. The barometer was highest (30°09 inches) on Tuesday and Wednesday (20th and 21st inst.); lowest (29°92 inches) on Saturday (17th inst.); range, 0°17 inches. Temperature in the shade was highest (77°) on Wednesday (21st inst.); lowest (51°) on Tuesday (20th inst.); range, 26°. Rain fell on four days. Total amount, 0°14 inches. Greatest fall on any one day, 0°05 inches, on Thursday (15th inst.) and Wednesday (21st inst.).



BULL FIGHTS are to be introduced into New York, and a certain Señor Fernandez is constructing an arena in that town in which these exhibitions are to take place.

THE CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE presented by the Khedive to the United States has arrived safely at New York in the steamer *Dessouk*. The expense (amounting to 15,000*l.*) of transporting the obelisk is, it is said, borne by Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt, the well-known Art patron.

ROYAL MASONIC PUPILS' ASSISTANCE FUND BAZAAR.—The Committee desire to dispose of such goods as have remained unsold, for which purpose they will be on view at the Great Hall, Freemasons' Tavern, Great Queen Street, W.C., on Monday, July 26th, from 6 P.M.

THE PRINCESS STÉPHANIE of Belgium, who is betrothed to the Crown Prince of Austria, is to have a bridal veil worthy of that lace-making country. It will be the wedding gift of the good citizens of Brussels, and three hundred work-girls are now employed upon its manufacture.

M. ERNEST RENAN has been decorated with the Legion of Honour. During the Septennate M. Bardoux had nominated the eminent author for the distinction, but Marshal MacMahon declined to sign the decree. The Marshal also refused to give the Cross to M. Zola, the realistic novelist.

DR. RICHARDSON was not the first to suggest a model city, for the *Sanitary Record* tells us that the Jewish Talmud states:—"No wise man will reside in a city which does not possess an efficient magistracy, a properly managed system of poor rates, provisions for public worship, public baths, adequate drainage, a physician, a scribe, a teacher for children, and the means for securing a proper supply of food."

"THE GALLERIES OF THE PALAIS-ROYAL," the *Parisian* states, "have long been deserted by the public; almost the only people that you see there are wandering tourists, who are attracted by the old fame of the galleries. The shopkeepers have already formed a syndicate to decide on some means of attracting the crowds, and now it is stated that a company, with a capital of twelve millions, is to be formed, the object of which will be to erect in the gardens a vast establishment in the style of the London Alhambra, only more complete and more luxurious and perhaps

more closely resembling the Folies-Bergères. In Louis-Philippe's time a circus existed in the gardens, and brought profit to its managers."

CORNISH SARDINES.—Mr. C. E. Fryer, of the Home Office, requests us to state that the whole of the experiments which resulted in the successful preparation of pilchards as sardines were carried out by himself, single-handed, in 1873 in London, and for the introduction of this new industry he was in 1876 awarded the Silver Medal of the Society of Arts.

LONDON MORTALITY still further increased last week, and 1,441 deaths were registered, against 1,326 during the previous seven days, an increase of 115, being 50 below the average, and at the rate of 20·5 per 1,000. These deaths included 3 from small-pox, 29 from measles (a decline of 8), 57 from scarlet fever (a decrease of 5), 11 from diphtheria (an increase of 2), 35 from whooping-cough (an increase of 5), 16 from different forms of fever, and 165 from diarrhoea (an increase of 72). There were 2,418 births registered, against 2,510 during the previous week, being two above the average. The mean temperature of the air was 63·1 deg., and 0·2 deg. above the average. There were 26·0 hours of registered bright sunshine, the sun being above the horizon during 112·9 hours.

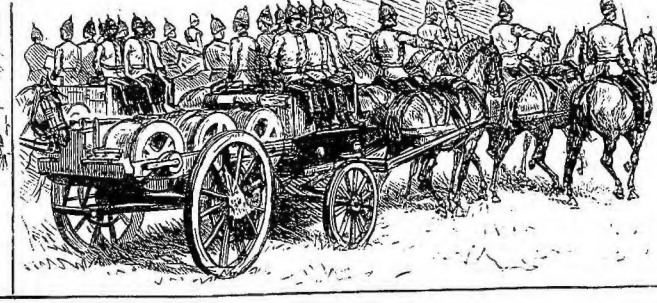
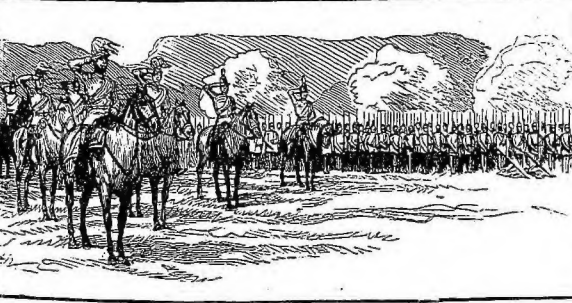
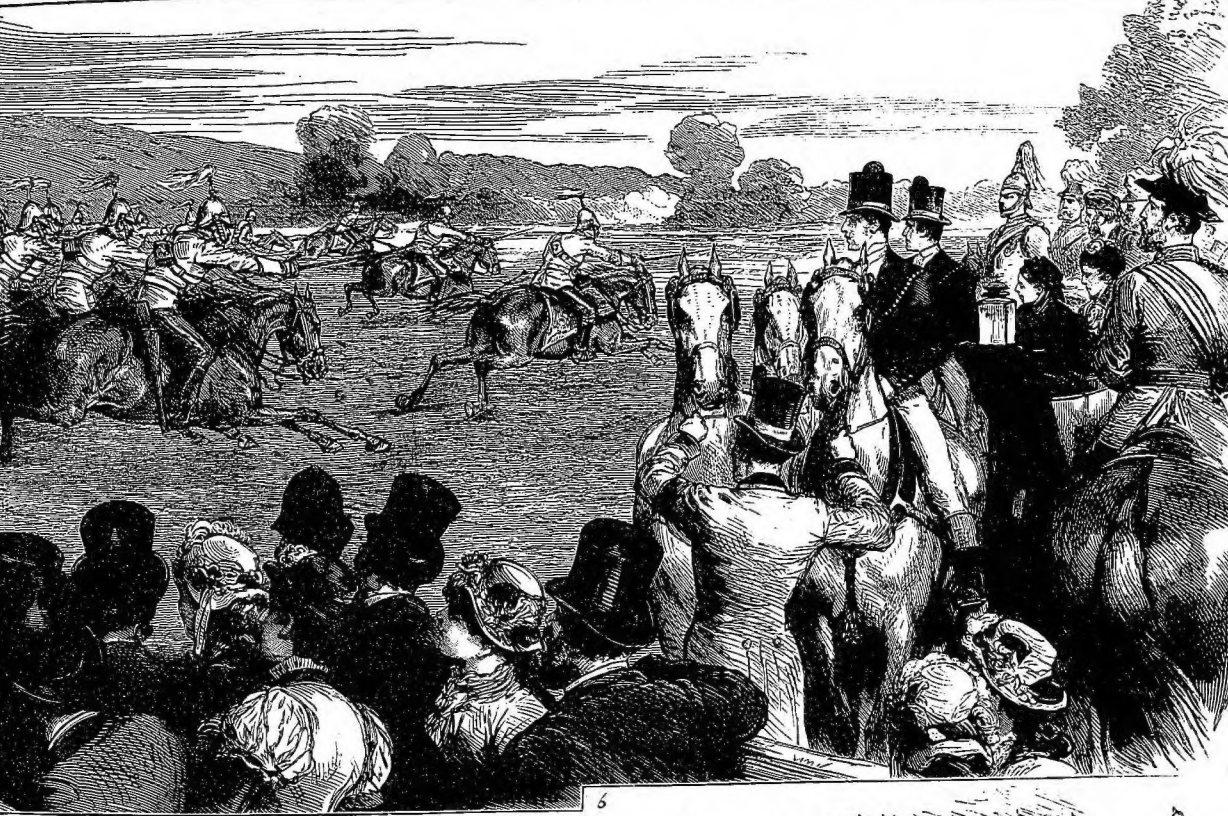
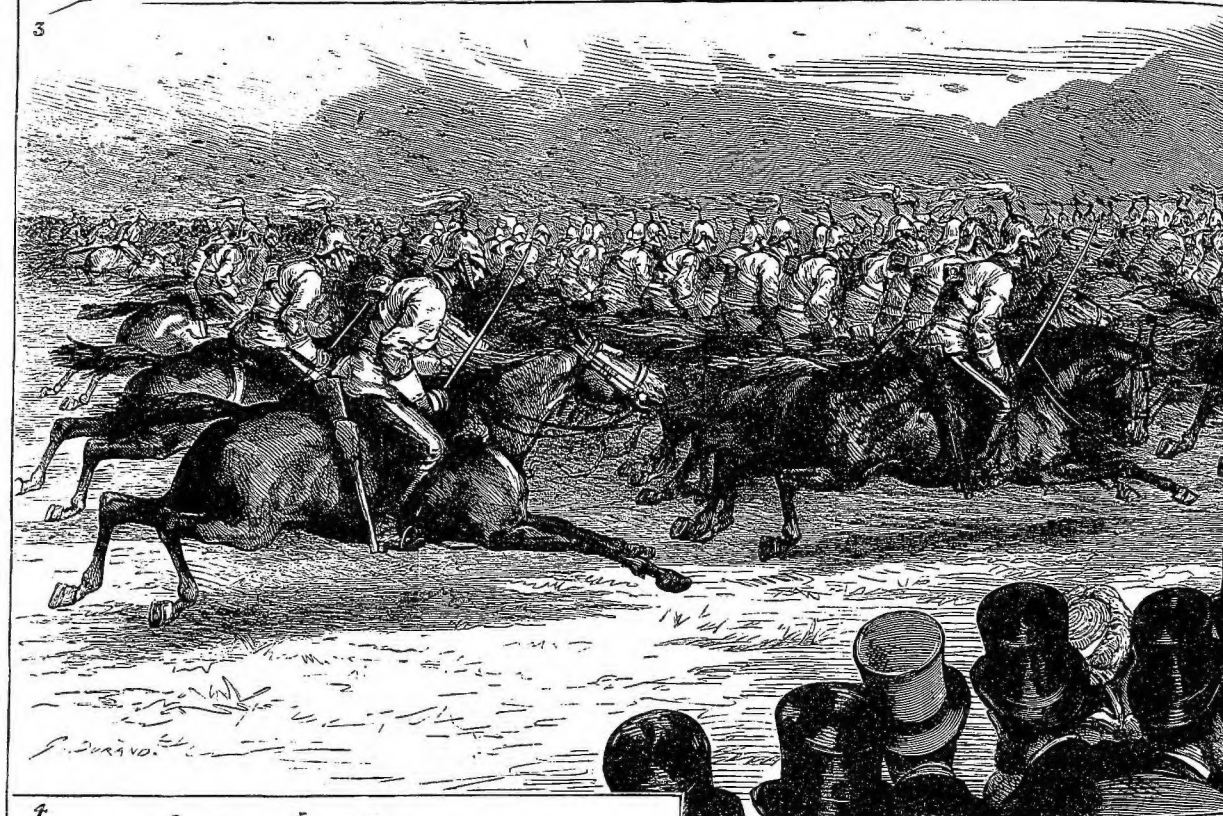
GENERAL J. A. GARFIELD, the Democratic candidate for the Presidency of the United States, was once a canal boat driver, and his former employer, a Mr. Jonathan Myers, writes to a Transatlantic contemporary: "If I live until November I expect to enjoy the greatest pleasure in casting my vote for him for President of the United States. I have never seen him since he left my boat, but have watched his career with great interest." Mrs. Garfield is stated to be a woman of exceptional intellect, in addition to possessing a sweet and winning disposition. She has studied with her husband, read the same books, taken up languages with him, and has so trained herself as to fit her boys for college in the most thorough manner. She is an excellent Latin scholar, and is also proficient in several modern languages. She is a little lady, graceful in carriage, and having most frank and charming manners. Both she and the general are members of the Campbellite Church.

SUNDAY ART EXHIBITIONS.—The Sunday Society announces that, in addition to the Sunday opening of the Grosvenor Gallery, the Society has arranged for the Sunday opening of the annual exhibition of the Society of British Artists, at Suffolk Street, Pall Mall, East. Both exhibitions will be open to the members of the Sunday Society, on Sunday next, July 25th, and the public will be admitted on the following Sunday, August 1st, by means of tickets, which will be forwarded to all who make written application, and send stamped and addressed envelope to the Honorary Secretary, 6, Dudley Place, W. On each Sunday the Gallery in Suffolk Street will be open from four till half-past six, and the Grosvenor Gallery will be open from six till half-past eight. The Society have decided to bring forward a resolution for the opening of Museums on Sundays in both Houses of Parliament, and has also resolved upon holding a National Conference similar to that which was convened in 1877 under the presidency of the Dean of Westminster.

WHY WE EAT OYSTERS RAW is explained, the *London Medical Record* tells us, by Dr. William Roberts, in his interesting lectures on the digestive ferments. He writes:—"Our practice in regard to the oyster is quite exceptional, and furnishes a striking example of the general correctness of the popular judgment on dietetic questions. The oyster is almost the only animal substance which we eat habitually, and by preference, in the raw and uncooked state; and it is interesting to know that there is a sound physiological reason at the bottom of this preference. The fawn-coloured mass which constitutes the dainty of the oyster is its liver, and this is little else than a heap of glycogen. Associated with the glycogen but withheld from actual contact with it during life, is its appropriate digestive ferment—the hepatic diastase. The mere crushing of the dainty between the teeth brings these two bodies together, and the glycogen is at once digested without other help by its own diastase. The oyster in the uncooked state, or merely warmed, is, in fact, self-digestive. But the advantage of this provision is wholly lost by cooking; for the heat employed immediately destroys the associated ferment, and a cooked oyster has to be digested, like any other food, by the eater's own digestive powers."

THE ORTHOGRAPHY of the name of the proposed Ameer of Cabul is exciting some little controversy in the Indian Press. The *Times of India* states that "The *Pioneer* has dropped the spelling 'Abdul Rahman,' and adopted that of 'Abdurrahman' on the ground that 'it seems now more usual to call him so.' Both ways are correct, but the former, which we have followed from the first, is the more correct of the two, for the reason that his name is Rahman and his prenominal Abdul. In Arabic, and other languages which follow Arabic in some respects, certain letters become assimilated with certain other following letters for the sake of euphony. Thus Abdul Rahman is pronounced Abdurrahman, and in writing it the 'l' is dropped and a sign put over the 'r' which signifies duplication. We have noticed that the *Times*, since Abdul Rahman's name has again come into prominence, has always spelled it Abdurrahman, following their Cabul correspondent in that respect, who is doubtless in the habit of hearing it so pronounced. The example of the *Times* has been very generally followed by the English Press, but Abdul Rahman has been before the public years ago, and hitherto travellers and writers have written his name after the fashion we still adhere to." By the way, this gentleman seems to be making fairly certain of his ultimate success, as he has struck a coin exactly in the style of those issued by Shere Ali. It bears on one side the inscription "Zart-i-Saltanat-i-Cabul" (coin of the kingdom of Cabul), and on the other the Khan's name.

"THE DEER-PEN" is the irreverent title by which Miss Kate Field, writing to the *New York Christian Union*, designates the Ladies' Gallery of the House of Commons. "It is small, dark, and well nigh intolerable," she continues. "Hung high in the air like a birdcage, a heavy iron grating conceals the occupants of the gallery from the view of the House; and, unless a woman is fortunate enough to obtain one of eighteen front seats, she sees nothing, and hears with difficulty. Yet when in 1875 Serjeant Sherlock proposed to remove the prison bars, he was unmercifully snubbed." It is hardly to be wondered at that Miss Field complains of so cramped a space when the large airy galleries which in Transatlantic Legislative Houses are devoted to the fair sex are remembered. Miss Field is particularly sarcastic respecting the habit of members wearing their hats, and declares that the effect of several hundred hats is not more imposing than an equal number of stove-pipes. "Apropos of hats," she remarks, "it's as much as a man's life is worth—in society—to wear aught but the regulation stove-pipe. There may be M.P.'s who dare to face the Speaker with billy-cock or soft felt in hand, but I doubt it. The only man I ever heard of equal to such an amount of bravery is Joseph Cowen, the member for Newcastle, and owner of the Radical *Newcastle Chronicle*. He at all times has the courage of his opinions, and wears a slouch hat, but I should no more expect to see Sir William Harcourt in such a covering than I should expect to see elephants in satin gowns. No one in England who is not a rough or a genius can afford to wear a slouch hat. Alfred Tennyson is rarely seen in anything else. Wilkie Collins and Charles Reade defy public opinion, but I firmly believe that even these men would wear stove-pipes were they daily subjected to the insinuating respectability of the House of Commons. Stove-pipes permeate the atmosphere and play an important part in legislation. So greatly do they tyrannise over the British male that even Eton boys in jackets are swallowed up by them. Talk about woman's blind devotion to fashion! Did ever woman cling as fondly to cinoline as man clings to his stove-pipe? Never!"



1. THE PRINCE OF WALES, AT THE HEAD OF THE HOUSEHOLD BRIGADE, SALUTING THE QUEEN.—2. THE FIFTH LANCERS AND THE FOURTH AND ELEVENTH HUSSARS CHARGING.—3. CHARGE OF THE FIFTH AND SEVENTH DRAGOONS.—4. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT AT THE HEAD OF THE RIFLE BRIGADE.—5. GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.—6. THE FIELD TELEGRAPH.

THE REVIEW BEFORE HER MAJESTY IN WINDSOR GREAT PARK



AFFAIRS IN THE EAST.—The Sultan still hesitates, and is apparently as unwilling as ever to comply with the wishes of the Powers. Numerous Ministerial Councils are being held to consider the answer to the Collective Note, but if report is to be believed the Sultan is completely under the influence of the fanatical party, who are urging him to refuse its demands or to offer *pro forma* some compromise, and thus gain a further delay. In the mean time the Albanians are being warmly encouraged to continue their agitation, and all persons of Albanian nationality in Constantinople are being petted and favoured to a degree which arouses the jealousy of the Turks proper. The new Minister of War, Abeddin Pasha, also, is an Albanian, and naturally sympathises with his fellow-countrymen, while it is no secret that the most extensive military preparations are being made for resisting the advance of the Greeks; troops, arms, and ammunition are being sent to Salonica, Volo, and Previsa, arms are being distributed amongst the Albanians, while the recruits for the current year are being hastily gathered together at the depôts. In the face of all this there is much speculation with regard to the means which the Powers will adopt in order to enforce their demands. There is again a great deal of talk about a joint naval demonstration, and it is stated that both France and Germany have now agreed to take part in it. That the Porte will yield in either the Montenegrin or the Greek questions without positive coercion is considered extremely doubtful.

In Constantinople considerable surprise has been created by the arrival of a German official, Herr Wettendorf, who has been appointed Under-Secretary of Finance, with the right to report directly to the Sultan. It appears that the Sultan had asked the German Government to send him some specialists in order to reorganise his administration, and that this is one of the gentlemen despatched in answer to the request. His arrival, however, gave rise to all sorts of rumours, and it was even asserted that Germany had now determined actively to intervene in the dispute between the Sultan and the Powers—under the new guise of the Protector of Turkey.

The Pan-Bulgarian movement in Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia continues, and Russian officers are still arriving in considerable numbers, but it is stated that Prince Alexander has been taken somewhat severely to task by Germany for allowing his subjects to foment so dangerous an agitation. Nevertheless the Bulgarian troops are being concentrated on the frontier at Ichiman, and preparations are being manifestly made for an outbreak. Madame Skobelev, the mother of General Skobelev, was attacked by an armed band and murdered in her carriage, while driving from Philippopolis to Tcirpan. A Russian officer, named Ouzatis, was the leader, and on being captured, he shot himself. Various motives have been assigned for the crime, one being robbery, as Madame Skobelev was known to have a sum of money with her which she was conveying to the hospital at Tcirpan, and another being a political reason. Madame Skobelev was, it is stated, an ardent Pan-Bulgarian sympathiser, and Captain Ouzatis attacked her with the object of securing certain valuable documents relating to the Pan-Slavistic Propaganda. His accomplices, who were Montenegrins, have been arrested.

From GREECE we hear of three days' festivities to celebrate the decision of the Berlin Conference. There have been enthusiastic demonstrations in Athens before the Embassies of the six signatory Powers, and the ancient monuments and surrounding hills have been brilliantly illuminated in honour of the event. There have also been rejoicings in the provinces, and at Chalcis Turks and Jews joined in the thanksgiving Te Deum. A number of Mahomedans of Epirus have asked permission to serve in the army in the coming campaign.

FRANCE.—After the intense excitement of the past few weeks there is a lull in both political and social circles, the only "event" being a speech from M. Gambetta at Belleville. The astute statesman, probably feeling that he might be losing ground with his constituents owing to some of his recent acts and utterances, visited that Radical district on Sunday nominally to distribute some prizes in the Town Hall. The chief text of his discourse was that every respect should be invariably paid to legality, and he protested strongly against the clamorous exhortations of certain politicians who by specious oratory are wont to excite their hearers to acts of rashness and lawlessness. Some of his audience, remembering the fiery Irreconcilable of years gone by, must have exclaimed, "Saul amongst the prophets!" and have gone home with the impression that Sardou was not so far out in his judgment of human nature when he wrote *Rabagas*. However, M. Gambetta was enthusiastically received at Belleville, and is certainly at present the most popular man in France. The Extreme Radicals are of course somewhat bitter against him; and M. Rochefort, in his new journal, the *Intransigent*, takes the lead in virulently attacking him. M. Rochefort has manifestly not learned caution by his years of exile, and apparently does not want to. He declines to enter the Chamber, on the ground that a Radical Deputy, by associating with his Conservative colleagues, and occasionally effecting compromises with them, unconsciously imbibes a portion of their Conservatism and loses an equal amount of Radicalism; in fact, learns moderation—a quality which M. Rochefort is evidently not desirous of possessing.

There has been a good deal of discussion respecting the vote of the British House of Commons condemning the proposed monument to the Prince Imperial in Westminster Abbey. The *Temps*, *République Française*, and all the Republican journals are manifestly pleased, including the *Débat*, though M. Lemoine is somewhat cynical, and congratulates us on being an eminently practical people, professing friendliness with Napoleon III. when he was in power, but now calling him "one of the greatest criminals of Europe." The Bonapartist organs are furious. M. de Cassagnac roundly accuses England of yielding to the pressure of the French Republic, and of sacrificing her honour in exchange for certain advantages with regard to wine and silk. "The one gives up her merchandise; the other a corpse, eighteen times riddled, for it." He recommends the ex-Empress to take away her two beloved dead to some quiet corner where "sympathy will watch over them, and pity protect them."

PARIS is eminently hot and dull, and there is little stirring, even in theatrical circles. There has been a new and eminently gloomy piece in four acts at the Vaudeville, entitled *Armand*, by M. Ernest Vois, and at the Français the *Gendre de M. Poirier* has been revived.—The Prix de Rome for painting this year has been gained by M. Henri Lucien Doucet. The subject was the meeting of Ulysses and Telemachus.—A so-called Congress of Working Men has been holding its sittings, and its members have enunciated the most startling Socialist proposals, amongst which have been a general arming of the people, a compulsory rest on Monday, and a forcible seizure of Capital for the benefit of Labour. This plan one member calculated would give an income to everybody of 48l. or 60l. Those who liked to do work might do so, while those preferring a "contemplative life" would do nothing. Another speaker suggested that property should only be transmitted from parents to children, and then should be taxed 25 per cent. By this means community of property would be effected in twenty-five years. This seemed too long a period to wait to another member, who proposed

an immediate revolution.—MM. Grévy and Gambetta will shortly pay a visit to Cherbourg simultaneously.

BELGIUM.—Brussels, in its turn, has been holding high festival this week in honour of the fiftieth anniversary of the Belgian Independence. On Sunday the King reviewed the Civic Guard with great ceremony, and there were a perfect host of minor *fêtes* throughout the day. The march-past of the troops, who were 25,000 strong, took place before the Palace, where a standard had been hoisted which had been conspicuous in all the battles of the War of Independence. In the evening the Belgian Press gave a grand banquet to the foreign Press. The toast of "The Press" was proposed by M. Guillery, President of the Chamber of Deputies. Signor Gallenga, the well-known correspondent of *The Times*, replied, drinking to Independence for Belgium, to the Belgian Press, to the Committee of Reception, and to M. Guillery. Brussels is now crowded with visitors, and is devoting herself to pleasure, not so frantically, perhaps, as the Parisians, but quite as thoroughly. On Wednesday the King unveiled a statue of his father, Leopold I., at Laeken, amid a vast crowd of 50,000 persons.

RUSSIA.—Count Skobelev is still harassing the Tekke Turcomans, but does not appear to be making any noteworthy progress, his advance being hindered by the want of beasts of burden. He has occupied the Oasis Chodsan Laka, and is now busy fortifying Bami in order to make this point his centre for future operations. On the 3rd inst. a small body of Cossacks escorting Dr. Studitzky were attacked by a large force, but defeated the enemy with great loss. Dr. Studitzky and two Cossacks were killed. The survivors have all been decorated by the Czar for their gallantry, which General Skobelev characterised as "marvellous."

The possible campaign against China is still being actively discussed. At present the Russian army is divided into three divisions, the European, the Caucasian, and the Asiatic—the last named, which would act on the Chinese frontier, numbering 60,000 to 70,000 men. All of these, however, could not be employed, as the troops are garrisoned over a very large extent of territory.

The Siberian plague has now attacked the horses on the Oldmetz canals, and 500 have already died.

ITALY.—The long-vexed question of the abolition of the Grist Tax has at last been satisfactorily settled, the Senate having approved the Bill as proposed by the Chamber by 65 votes against 11. The Government will now be able to devote its attention to some other matters of almost equal emergency, which have been shelved pending the interminable delays created by the opposition to the abolition of the Grist Tax, which has now been happily overcome.

The trial of General Boët for stealing the Order of the Golden Fleece from Don Carlos has been taking place at Milan. Amongst other evidence was a telegram from the Spanish Minister of War, stating that the General was dismissed from the army in 1873 on account of his debts and his bad conduct.

Cardinal Nina insists upon maintaining his resignation as Pontifical Secretary of State.

INDIA AND AFGHANISTAN.—The atmosphere in Afghanistan seems a little clearer, and the tide of events points to the speedy installation of Abdurrahman at Cabul as Ameer. Indeed, acting upon British advice, many of the most important members of the "National" party, who have hitherto favoured the elevation of Moossa Khan, Yakoub's son, and have been bitterly opposed to Abdurrahman, have now accepted him as the new Ameer. These include Moola Moosli-i-Alam, Mahomed Jan, and the Ghilzai chief, Asmatullah Khan, who have gone to join him at Charikar, where, at our request, he has now staying. Sirdar Afzul Khan has been again sent to him with letters, and it is expected that before long his claims will be formally recognised. As soon as this is the case our troops will begin to vacate Cabul.

An interesting account of Abdurrahman is given by the correspondent of *The Times* from the mouth of Sirdar Afzul Khan himself, who states that: "He is a great worker, often not retiring to rest till three A.M. He rises early for morning prayers, then sleeps till nine or ten, when he commences business. He only takes one meal in the day, about four P.M., but consumes large quantities of tea. His conversation is never frivolous, and he is evidently a man with much knowledge of the world and strength of character. He thoroughly understands the art of managing the persons with whom he is brought into contact. He is frank and bold in his manner, and addresses at length those visitors who attend his camp. He drafts all his own letters. He has no advisers, but three or four confidants."

A portion of the troops of Shere Ali whom we recently created Wali of Candahar, and who was marching against Ayoub Khan, supported by General Burrows and his contingent, mutinied on the 14th inst. and carried off his guns. General Burrows at once pursued and engaged them, putting them to flight and recovering the guns and baggage. General Burrows is now at Khushk-i-nakhud, and as Ayoub is not far distant an encounter will probably take place before very long.

The Kusmore Bund, the great embankment in Scinde, has again given way, but it is expected that the breach will be repaired without difficulty.

UNITED STATES.—The chief news hence this week seems to relate to a certain Dr. Tanner, who denies that people can die of starvation in a limited period, and is trying the experiment of abstaining from all food (water excepted) for forty days. He is closely watched, and has not as yet been detected in obtaining food of any nature, and although Wednesday was the four-and-twentieth day of his fast he seemed to bear his fast very well. On Tuesday his weight was 134 lbs. (having gained 2 lbs. since Saturday), his temperature 99 deg., his pulse 72, and his respiration 15. He appears to be restless at night, and somewhat nervous and irritable during the day, but otherwise to suffer no bad effects whatever. During part of the time he has been riding in order to get as much air as possible, which he states is necessary for effectually nourishing him, and continually bathes his head and rinses out his mouth with water. The case is causing great excitement in New York, and the Clarendon Hall, where he is lodged, is besieged with visitors, of whom he sees a large number.

On Wednesday a caisson, with the supporting wall surrounding the shaft leading to the Jersey City end of the tunnel now being bored under the Hudson, gave way, and the water poured in. Sixty men were in the tunnel at the time, and of these only ten escaped.

MISCELLANEOUS.—In AUSTRIA there have been festivities at Vienna in honour of the foreign volunteers who have been invited to celebrate the inauguration festival of the Rifle Association. The visitors include German, French, Swiss, American, and English Volunteers. On Sunday an imposing ceremony of blessing the flag of the Association took place before the Emperor and Empress and the Imperial family.—In EGYPT all the Powers have now officially accepted the International Committee of Liquidation. On Saturday a new law of the liquidation of the debt was promulgated.—In the PHILIPPINE ISLES a terrible earthquake has occurred at Manila; the cathedral and several Government buildings have been destroyed and serious damage has been done. In the neighbouring island of Luzon all the volcanoes are in full activity.—From SOUTH AFRICA there is bad news from Basutoland. The Disarmament Act having been proclaimed on the 12th inst., a number of natives sent in their arms, and amongst them the chief Letsea. These, however, were intercepted by the young men, and two chiefs, Masupha and Lerothodi, openly urged the people not to deliver up their arms. Colonel Griffith telegraphed on the 20th that the loyal natives had been attacked, and reinforcements were at once despatched to the scene of action.



THE Queen and Princess Beatrice are now at Osborne, where they will probably stay a month prior to their usual autumnal visit to the Highlands. On Saturday Lieutenant-Colonel R. H. Hackett, who lost the sight of both his eyes in the battle of Kambula, and Colonel J. B. Hackett, V.C., were presented to Her Majesty at Windsor Castle. The Princesses Victoria and Louise of Schleswig-Holstein visited Her Majesty. On Sunday the Queen and Princess Beatrice attended Divine Service in the private chapel, the Rev. J. St. John Blunt, Master of St. Katherine's Hospital and Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen, preached. The Prince and Princess Christian subsequently lunched with Her Majesty. On Monday the Queen and Princess Beatrice left Windsor for Osborne, crossing the Solent in the yacht *Alberta*, Captain Thomson, and arriving at two o'clock in the afternoon. Her Majesty was subsequently visited by Princess Frederica of Hanover, and Baron Pawel von Rammingen. On Tuesday the Queen and Princess Beatrice called on Princess Frederica at Albert Cottage, and in the evening the Princess and her husband dined with Her Majesty, leaving next morning for London.

The Prince and Princess of Wales with their children and Prince Louis of Battenberg went to a garden party given by Lady Holland at Holland House on Saturday. In the evening the Prince and Princess, Prince Albert Victor and Prince George of Wales went to Covent Garden Opera. On Monday the Princes Albert-Victor and George of Wales left London for Spithead to join the *Bacchante*, which sailed for Bantry Bay on Tuesday. Princess Christian lunched with the Prince and Princess in the afternoon, and in the evening the Prince and Princess dined with the Earl of Northbrook at the Admiralty. On Tuesday evening the Prince and Princess were present at the performance of *Mefistofele* at Her Majesty's Theatre. On Wednesday evening the Prince and Princess went to a ball given by the Earl and Countess of Cork.

Princess Louise has been advised by her medical men to visit a German Spa, and then spend some time in England. The Princess has never completely recovered from the effects of the sleigh accident at Ottawa in February. Prince Leopold will probably accompany the Princess to England, and will sail from Quebec by the Allan Royal Mail Steamer *Polynesian* on the 31st inst. Prince Leopold has slightly sprained his ankle while salmon fishing.



RELIGION AND BOARD SCHOOLS.—On Saturday the prizes founded by Mr. F. Peek for proficiency in Scriptural knowledge were distributed at the Crystal Palace. Out of 128,000 competitors from the London School Board Schools, there were 4,000 successful scholars. Sir C. Reed, who presided, remarked that the once much-talked-of "religious difficulty" was a thing unknown in the Board Schools. Simple Bible reading, with explanations suited to the children's capacity, was liked by the scholars and approved by the parents, who rarely declined to allow their children to attend.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL CENTENARY CELEBRATIONS have been continued this week at various places. On Saturday at Bradford the festival was made the occasion of a general holiday, and an open-air concert, given in Peel Park by 35,000 performers, chiefly Sunday School teachers and scholars, attracted an audience of 100,000 persons. On Monday at Brighton Conferences were held, and Sir C. Reed, M.P., presided at a large public meeting in the Pavilion. At Cambridge a series of services and meetings have been held, and at Liverpool largely attended conferences and demonstrations have been addressed by the Bishop, Lord Sandon, and others. Similar celebrations have also taken place at Chatham and Rochester, where on Sunday last all the Dissenting Ministers exchanged pulpits for the day.

REFUSING THE SACRAMENT.—The suit of "Andrews v. the Rev. E. J. Warmington" came before the Court of Arches last week, when both parties appeared, and gave their own version of the unfortunate dispute between them, which it appears had something to do with the management of the Sunday School. The result of the quarrel was that the lady and gentleman parted highly indignant with each other, and that on a subsequent Sunday the latter read out the Rubric against certain persons coming to Holy Communion, giving it a special application by altering the gender from the masculine to the feminine; and moreover passed the plaintiff over in silence, conspicuously declining to administer the sacred elements to her. Before the hearing of the case had proceeded very far, Lord Penance expressed his opinion that Mr. Warmington ought to apologise, and ultimately this advice was taken, and both parties shook hands in court, it being understood that each side should pay its own costs.

MR. MACKONOCHE.—It is officially announced that the appeal to the House of Lords in the case of "Mackonochie v. Lord Penance" will not be heard until after the Long Vacation. Some of Mr. Mackonochie's sympathisers have started a subscription for the purpose of making up to him his stipend (150l. a year) as long as his living remains in sequestration.

THE FREE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.—The *Record* publishes a long letter from an anonymous correspondent, who says that fresh proceedings are about to be taken by some of the Free Church Presbyteries against Professor Robertson Smith, who, notwithstanding his recent meek submission to admonition before the General Assembly and "his pretty little speech promising good behaviour for the future," has contributed three articles to the eleventh volume of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," just published, in which doubts are cast upon the authorship and historical accuracy of some of the books of the Old Testament.

THE WESLEYAN CONFERENCE was opened on Tuesday in the City Road Chapel, about 1,000 ministers being present. The proceedings began with a devotional service, after which the vacancies in the Legal Hundred were filled up, and the Rev. Ebenezer E. Jenkins (one of the Secretaries for Foreign Missions) was chosen as President, and the Rev. Marmaduke C. Osborn as Secretary. Special meetings for the promotion of holiness have been held during the week at Kentish Town, and Mostyn Road, and a Temperance Convention assembled at Great Queen Street Chapel. The President, in his address, said that it was their duty to watch the development of progress, lest they should run into such varieties as would make Methodism other than it was. They must also, on the other hand, guard against shrinking from change when it was essential result of organic development. No Church on earth was so well qualified to carry a message of mercy to the lost; their hymns, lay agency, and class meetings were among the means which made them the great converting body among the Churches. He was greatly concerned for their pulpit which had to grapple with new and startling developments of unbelief. Scepticism paraded its justification in the terms of science. Vice now did not

excuse itself, but asserted that science had separated Christianity from morals.

THE JESUITS IN FRANCE.—It is said that Father Forbes-Leith, an English member of the Society of Jesuits, has sent a protest to Lord Lyons against his expulsion from the house in the Rue de Sévres, Paris, in which he claims to have a proprietary right.

THE REV. JAMES ARCHER SPURGEON, brother to the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, who, besides sharing the ministerial duties connected with that congregation, has just become entitled to a legacy of 15,000*l.*, bequeathed to him by a member of his former congregation at Notting Hill.

A ROMAN CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL FOR LONDON.—Cardinal Manning's secretary, Mr. W. A. Johnson, writes to the *Times* to contradict the statement made by a Continental paper to the effect that a considerable sum had been left by his predecessors to erect a Cathedral in London, but that he had thought it best to devote the interest of the sum to creating a Roman Catholic seminary. Mr. Johnson says no money for a Cathedral was left by the Cardinal's predecessors, but that a site for a Cathedral has been obtained, at a cost of nearly 43,000*l.*, which, with the exception of 3,500*l.*, has been paid off by means of contributions made since the death of the Cardinal's predecessors.

MONSIGNOR CAPEL.—It is rumoured that Monsignor Capel's appeal to the Pope has been successful. The sum of 14,000*l.*, which he expended in building and furnishing the Catholic University, at Kensington, is to be refunded to him, and this added to his private estate, which he has already given up, will enable him to pay his creditors 20*s.* in the pound, and leave a considerable margin in his favour. In giving his judgement, the Pope expressed an opinion that, under all the circumstances of the case, it might be desirable that the Monsignor should for the present come either to Rome or undertake a mission to the United States.

THE SHAKERS under Mrs. Girling, after two years of comparative quiet, are now again in pecuniary difficulties, two judgment summonses being out against Mrs. Girling herself, and one of the members of the confraternity having being summoned for neglecting to contribute towards the support of his wife, who is a pauper lunatic.



ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—The last performance of the season was held on Saturday night, the selected opera being *La Traviata*, with Madame Patti as the heroine, Signor Nicolini as Alfredo, and Signor Graziani as the elder Germont. There was a brilliant audience, which crowded the theatre to the roof, and the occasion was a series of triumphs for the more than ever popular lady. On the whole, if presenting no striking novelties to dwell upon, the season, according to all accounts, has been financially a success, which at least should be an incentive to future enterprise. Though one of the shortest, if not the shortest, on record at Covent Garden, extending over little more than three calendar months, no fewer than twenty-two operas were given with more or less satisfactory completeness. Twenty of these were from the current repertory, including among them *Le Roi de Lahore*, the grand spectacular lyric drama of M. Massenet, produced with success last season, and a revival of *Mignon*, for the sake of Madame Albani, who, by her lively, characteristic, and altogether charming impersonation of Goethe's romantic heroine, showed herself worthy of a new work being composed expressly for her. What are our composers about?—and especially Dr. Arthur Sullivan, whose once projected *Marie Stuart* would just have fitted the always aspiring and enthusiastic daughter of Albany. The pieces added to the repertory this year have been an Italian version of *Hérold's Prê aux Clercs*, and another of M. Jules Cohen's *Les Bluets*, under the title of *Estella*, the former providing a new part for Madame Albani, the latter, another for Madame Adelina Patti. We shall doubtless hear more of them both next year. In the instance of these (as of the revived *Mignon*) Mr. Gye thus faithfully redeemed his pledge to bring out two works hitherto not included in his repertory. Paladilhe's *Suzanne* was set aside, and the revival of *La Gazza Ladra*, one of Rossini's brightest scores, for the young and promising Mdle. Turilla, will probably be re-considered a twelvemonth hence. While several of the artists named in the prospectus made no appearance (the popular bass barytone, M. Maurel, for example) others were substituted, and notably, Madame Semblich, from Dresden, who one night quite unexpectedly took the house by storm in Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor*, and has since maintained her position in other operas—particularly the *Huguenots*, as Marguerite de Valois, the music of which is precisely suited to her florid style of vocalisation. This German songstress may be looked upon as an acquisition of real value. The young and very prepossessing Madame Alwina Valleria, by her recent performance of Filina in *Mignon*, has advanced another step in public estimation. M. Lassalle, the Parisian barytone, has fairly established his position; Signor de Keszke, a new bass, has afforded general satisfaction; while the old-established members of the company have held their own. The two conductors, Signors Vianesi and Bevnigani, may be complimented on the zeal with which they continue to perform their duties, and the latter more especially on the judicious manner in which he contrives to make the orchestral accompaniments subservient to the exigencies of the singers on the stage, instead of drowning their voices with excess of noise, and hurrying on the *tempi* so as to give them no chance of taking breath, which of recent years has threatened to become a persistent habit. The chorus remains what it has been for some time—decidedly susceptible of improvement. In conclusion it is worth noting that the influence of Wagner's operas is sensibly on the decline at this theatre. *Lohengrin* ceases to attract, while (the better for the tender, sympathetic voice of Madame Albani) *Tannhäuser* has not been given once. And so farewell to the Royal Italian Opera till a year hence.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The new opera *Mefistofele* has been repeated twice to crowded houses, thanks in a great measure to the Margaret of Madame Christine Nilsson, one of the most original and remarkable performances of late years; *Rigoletto* has been given, with Madame Etelka Gerster as Gilda, a part in which she had previously been heard and applauded, Signor Galassi as Rigoletto, Madame Trebelli as Maddalena, and the much-applauded new tenor, Signor Ravelli, who obtained a general "encore" for "La Donna e mobile" as the Duke; and finally, Bizet's picturesque *Carmen*, with Madame Trebelli as the heroine, was presented for the last time on Thursday. Yesterday night Balfe's chivalric opera, *Il Talismano*, was to be given, the part of Edith Plantagenet devolving upon Madame Gerster, who succeeded Madame Nilsson, the original. This evening yet another performance of Signor Boito's very successful opera brings to an end a season about which we shall offer a few general observations in our next.

TESTIMONIAL TO MR. GEORGE GROVE.—The testimonial presented on Monday afternoon in the Banqueting Room of St. James's Hall to Mr. George Grove, a name familiar to most

readers as that of a gentleman who for many years has worked laboriously and unostentatiously for good, could hardly have been bestowed on a worthier recipient. The Archbishop of Canterbury took the chair, on his left being the Dean of Westminster, who bore testimony to the valuable contributions of Mr. Grove to Biblical literature in connection with his own work, "Sinai and Palestine," and to his indefatigable zeal as founder of the Palestine Exploration Fund. But here it is only necessary to refer to the eminent services rendered by Mr. Grove to music during his term of office as Secretary of the Crystal Palace, and as virtually institutor (in 1858) of the world-famous Saturday Concerts, with the co-operation of their indefatigable conductor, Mr. August Manns. Mr. Grove is now engaged in editing and compiling a "Dictionary of Music and Musicians" which promises, when complete, to be the most comprehensive work of its kind we possess. The testimonial, in the shape of a chronometer and a purse of 1,000 guineas, was presented by the Archbishop in a highly complimentary speech, to which Mr. Grove replied by a brief and modest survey of his own life and labours.

WAIFS.—The contributions for the projected monument to Bellini, in the Scala, Milan, being insufficient, the appointed sculptor, Signor Giovanni Spertini, has offered to execute his part of the work gratuitously.—The new Gewandhaus, at Leipsic, will soon be in process of erection. Seventy-six designs were tendered, from among which that by two architects from Berlin has been accepted. 3,000 marks (120*l.*) is their munificent recompense!—Madame Goldschmidt ("Jenny Lind") intends passing the winter with her husband, Herr Otto Goldschmidt, the well-known composer, pianist, and director of the admirable concerts of the Bach Choir, at Cannes.—The lease of the Théâtre de la Gaîté, Paris, is about to be put up for sale by the Municipality, so that the "Adelina Patti representations" for next spring, organised by Signor Franchi, are likely to be held in the Théâtre des Nations.—The prospectus of a new Italian operatic theatre, to replace the demolished Ventadour, has been issued in Paris, with a capital of 1,400,000 francs, in shares of 25,000 francs each.—We observe the names of the Bishop of Manchester, Sir Michael Costa, and Mr. Antrobus among the subscribers to a Testimonial which is being raised on behalf of Dr. Fowle, of Winchester, who is well known in the musical world, and who after five-and-twenty years of hard work has fallen into ill-health and poverty. Subscriptions will be received by the Dowager Lady Antrobus, 16, Grosvenor Crescent, W.



THE TURF.—Kempton Park and Manchester finished up last week with two very fair meetings. At the former the Grand Two-Year-Old Stakes was won by Mr. Bates' filly by Favonius—Adrastia, who shared the favouriteship with Capua in a field of fourteen; and the July Handicap by Plaisante, after starting the most extreme outsider of the eleven that went to the post. The winner was once given away by her owner, in disgust at her performances, to F. Archer, who parted with her to his brother Charles, the trainer, who subsequently disposed of her to his patron, Lord Ellesmere. Every time she runs she seems to improve, and just now there is no saying how good she is. Such are the ups and downs of the Turf. It may be noted that, with his trainer-jockey in the saddle, Lord Rosebery won the Teddington Welter with Goshawk, and the City of London Stakes with Mar. If for no other race, the Manchester Meeting will be remembered for some time for the result of the July Welter, which that terrible rogue Adamite won in a field of ten. How many times he has been backed by his stable and a large body of public followers it would be almost impossible to say; but so utterly disgusted must they have become, that probably not one in a hundred of them reaped the benefit of the 10 to 1 chance at which he started on this occasion. *Mirabile dictu*, there was actually no racing in England on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday last, the only two meetings of the week—viz., Pontefract and Sandown Park—taking place on Thursday and Friday; and, after all, this was quite enough with the heavy programme to be got through at Goodwood next week. For the Goodwood Stakes Bay Archer has returned to the position of first favourite, and after him Reveller and Mycene being next in demand. There is next to no speculation on the Cup, as in the presumed absence of Isonomy it seems such a good thing for Chippendale. Since our last Turf memoranda definite steps have been taken towards the solution of the Bend Or question. Acting on the protest of Messrs. Brewer and Blanton, the Stewards of the Jockey Club, who are *ex officio* stewards of the Epsom Meeting, met on Tuesday last to consider the matter. Sir Henry Hawkins sat for Lord Rosebery, and Lord Falmouth was present on behalf of the Duke of Westminster. The meeting, however, was but of a preliminary character, and further proceedings will have been taken this week. The general impression is that the Duke of Westminster will be able fully to substantiate the identity between Bend Or and the winner of the Derby, and that if the Stewards decide in his Grace's favour, the objectors will not pursue the matter further. Under any circumstances it is to be hoped that the matter will not come before a Court of law.

CRICKET.—Kent has scored two victories, the one over Sussex by six wickets, and the other over Surrey by 36 runs, and yet a third victory is to be recorded—Yorkshire being the defeated county by 64 runs.—Sussex has beaten Leicestershire by a single innings and 13 runs, and Herts has succumbed to Essex by 178 runs.—But the best-contested match of the last few days has been that at Lord's between two elevens of amateurs and professionals combined, and representing Players Under Thirty and Players Over Thirty. After a most evenly-contested game throughout, an exciting finish resulted in the victory of the youngsters by just two runs. For the more aged team Dr. W. G. Grace did good service with 51 and 49.

AQUATICS.—The Wingfield Sculls and the Amateur Championship of the Thames has once more been decided over the championship course between Putney and Mortlake. A. Payne, of Moulsey, J. Lowndes, of Derby, and G. G. White, of Dublin, were the only contestants, Mr. F. L. Playford, who has held the championship for five successive years, having signified his intention not to compete. In one of the most splendid races on record, Payne completely rowed Lowndes to a standstill about 150 yards above the White Hart, and rowing on finished the course in 24 min. 4 sec., which was some seconds faster than any previous race for the amateur Championship.

LAWN TENNIS.—The contests at Wimbledon were brought to a conclusion by Mr. Lawford, the winner of the gold cup, meeting Mr. Hartley for the championship. After some excellent play, the latter was hailed the winner, and thus for the second year in succession holds the title of champion.

ANOTHER ALPINE ACCIDENT is reported from Switzerland. While Herr Gers, of Strasburg, with two Grindelwald guides, Rubi and Inabnitt, were making the ascent of the Jungfrau last week they were struck by a piece of falling rock or an avalanche of stones and hurled into a crevasse. Inabnitt will, it is feared, be laid up for some time. The others escaped with comparative slight injuries.



COMMERCIAL TRUSTEES.—The decision of the Court Appeal pronounced on Friday last week, reversing the judgment of the Master of the Rolls in the case of Smith v. Anderson, is one of the utmost interest and importance. The plaintiff, who is a shareholder in the Submarine Cables Trust, had applied to the Court to declare the Trust an illegal association, and to distribute its funds among all entitled to them, and the Master of the Rolls decided in his favour, on the ground that it was an association consisting of more than twenty persons who had clubbed their funds for the purpose of carrying on a business for the acquisition of gain, and that they had neglected to comply with the law which makes it compulsory that the names of all officials and shareholders of such an association should be registered. The Lord Justices of Appeal take quite another view of the matter. They consider that the certificate holders, having only a right which they can maintain against the six trustees, not against each other, do not constitute an "association." The Master of the Rolls in his judgment had said that the trustees were in substance, and in law directors. Lord Justice James thought that the fallacy of his judgment arose from that fallacy. The difference between a trustee and a director was fundamental. A trustee was the owner of the trust property, subject to an equitable obligation to his *cestui que trust*, whereas a director was a paid servant of the company, who never entered into contracts himself, and could not be sued in respect of contracts into which he entered on behalf of the company, unless he exceeded his authority. This strange conflict of legal opinion will probably be settled in the House of Lords.

THE SANCTITY OF AN OATH.—The other day a gentleman named Barnford, one of the parties interested in a legal suit now pending, appealed to the Queen's Bench Division against an order made by a Judge at Chambers, directing him to answer certain interrogatories. His objection was that the questions were so foolish and frivolous that he would not swear a solemn oath in reply. The Lord Chief Justice suggested that he might make an affirmation; and as the appellant declined to do this, he confirmed the order for the administration of the interrogatories in the usual way, remarking that he did not see that the questions proposed to be put were so foolish as the appellant alleged.

HEAVY COMPENSATION.—At the Manchester Assizes, on Monday, 4,500*l.* damages were awarded to the widow of a cotton spinner, who was killed in February last on the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway, while attempting to cross the line at Rishton station. There was some conflicting evidence as to whether any of Company's servants were on the platform at the time, and also as to the speed of the express train which ran over the deceased; some estimating it at sixty miles an hour, while others said it was not more than twenty. The jury, however, found for the plaintiff, giving her 2,000*l.* for herself, and 500*l.* for each of her five children. Perhaps some day level crossings will be altogether abolished by law, not only at stations but elsewhere; a light bridge over or a tunnel under the line would make all cross-traffic absolutely safe.

POST-MORTEM EXAMINATIONS.—A singular case was tried at the Gloucester County Court on Tuesday. The plaintiff, a labourer, claimed 2*l.* damages from the house surgeon of the County Infirmary for having made a post-mortem examination of his wife without his knowledge or consent. He admitted that he had sustained no pecuniary loss, but alleged that his feelings had been hurt. The defence was that the examination made was usual in certain cases, and important in the interests of medical science, and the assertion that portions of the body had been removed was denied. The judge gave a verdict for the defendant.

"SIR ROGER'S" IDENTITY.—*Fact*, a new penny "journal for the cultured," is "prepared to contend" that the Claimant is not Orton, that he is, by blood, Tichborne, and that he is not Roger; in brief, that he is an illegitimate son of the old Baronet, who, being sent to Australia, remained there in obscurity until Lady Tichborne's advertisement induced him to essay the personation of Roger. The alleged authority for this statement is the late Rev. Dr. Waterworth, a Roman Catholic priest, of Newark, whose testimony is declared to have been voluntary and most positive, but given under the stipulation that it should not be published during his life-time. *Fact* considers that as the "unfortunate nobleman languishing in Dartmoor" is really serving his second term for the alleged offence of denying his identity with Orton, he will, if a wise man, at once confirm Dr. Waterworth's affirmation, and thereby escape from a period of durance which may possibly prove to be as long as his natural life.

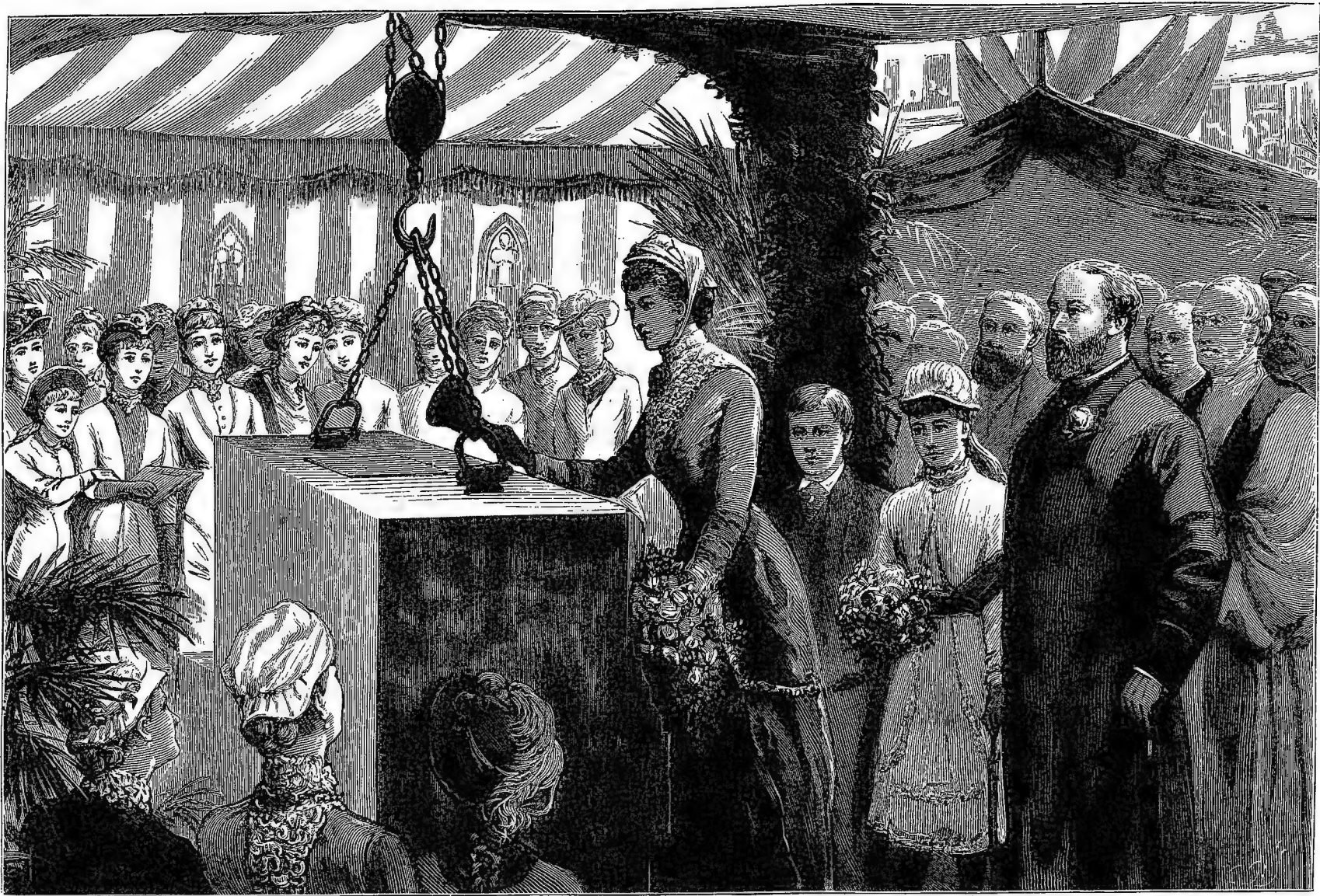
A MODERN IMPROVISATORE.—An old woman of sixty-three, who described herself as a law-writer, was the other day brought up at Wandsworth, charged with begging outside the camp at Wimbledon. She declared that she was only writing poetry, and offered to prove her literary ability by writing in three minutes an acrostic on the name of any person in court. The magistrate, declining to put her powers to the test, discharged her with a caution, and she left the dock, declaring that she would never write another line.

"UNGAMI WALLAH," a so-called Zulu Princess, who has been exhibited at various places in the country, and latterly has been acting as "barmaid" at a publichouse at Chesterfield, has been sentenced to three months hard labour for robbing the publican of 1*l.* 11*s.* and a gold watch. "Ungami" is neither a Princess nor a Zulu, nor even a woman, but simply a male negro, who has been masquerading in feminine attire, his real name being John Thomas Williams.

FORTUNE-TELLING.—At Leicester, a woman charged with "fortune telling" set up the defence that she was really gifted with "second sight," and had only replied to certain questions while in a trance. She was, however, fined 40*s.* and costs; and even so was a great deal luckier than another woman at Eastbourne, who for carrying on a similar business was sentenced to hard labour for nine weeks. The disproportion frequently observable between punishments awarded by different Magistrates for like offences is very hard to reconcile with the generally received idea of impartial and even-handed justice.

AN IRISH MURDER TRIAL.—At the Roscommon Assizes, two farmers named M'Hugh and Weldon were charged with the murder of a Mr. Young, who was shot in his own grounds in June 1877. The principal witness for the Crown was one Lancelot Clark, who deposed that though not himself a Fenian, he had attended Fenian meetings, at some of which the prisoners were present; that he had heard them speak of Mr. Young's death being decreed by the brotherhood, the lot of execution having fallen to M'Hugh, and that after the murder M'Hugh had told him that he shot Young with a large revolver belonging to Weldon. The jury disregarding this evidence acquitted both the accused, and on Friday night a monster meeting of Nationalists was held at Loughree, to congratulate M'Hugh and Weldon on "their release from the meshes of British law, which in their case developed an unscrupulousness and malignity worthy of the darkest era of British rule in Ireland." A further resolution was passed declaring abhorrence and detestation of the loathsome and disgusting wretch who sought to

(Continued on page 102.)



THE PRINCESS OF WALES LAYING THE FOUNDATION STONE OF THE NEW BUILDING FOR THE CHELSEA HOSPITAL FOR WOMEN



FLOUNDER FISHING AT WATERLOO BRIDGE



DRAWN BY LUKE FILDEN, A.R.A.

The needle dropped from her fingers. She held her breath, listening—not daring to move.

LORD BRACKENBURY: A Novel

By AMELIA B. EDWARDS,

Author of "Barbara's History," "Debenham's Vow," &c.

CHAPTER XLI.

STEFANO BENI'S UNWELCOME VISITORS

THE sailor crossed the piazza, and took a chair under the awning in front of a café, where a number of men of the better class were breakfasting *al fresco*. Here he called for a cup of chocolate, and sat watching till La Giulietta should come from her uncle's workshop. He had not long to wait. Before his chocolate was brought, he saw her on the threshold. She lingered a moment, as if listening to some one within; cast a hurried glance round the piazza; and then sped swiftly away, past the guard-house and down the Via Piazza Brà. She did not see him, and he did not move. He only followed her with his eyes, as long as she was in sight.

"Chocolate, Signore?" said a sleek waiter, depositing his tiny tray upon the little table on which the sailor's elbow was resting.

The man's manner was a trifle off-hand, as if he thought this pilot-coated seaman out of place among his gentleman customers.

"How much?" asked the sailor, his hand already in his pocket.

"One lire."

Pilot-coat threw down a two-lire piece.

"You may bring me a cigarette, and keep the change."

The sleek waiter became suddenly respectful. His gentlemen customers who habitually dawdled away their mornings at the café were not wont to see him in this way. They would send him to and fro, grumble at the quality of the absinthe, read all the journals in succession, keep possession of their tables the whole morning long, and not give him more than twenty-five centesimi for himself when all was done.

The sailor, however, observed neither his incivility nor his civility. Slowly smoking his cigarette, he sat looking dreamily before him, seeing and hearing nothing. Meanwhile, the Englishman and his daughters came out from the Amphitheatre, entered their carriage, and drove away; old Citti hobbled along as far as the fifth archway, to claim his key; Stefano Beni emerged from the depths of his workshop, and held a conversation with Luigi the blacksmith over Padre Anselmo's wheel; a mountebank in a gaily painted cart took up his station in the piazza, and discoursed of quack medicines to an impromptu audience; people and vehicles passed and repassed, and the life of the place grew noisier and busier as the day waxed hotter. But of all this the smoker, absorbed in his own thoughts, was as unconscious as if Verona and its Amphitheatre were a hundred miles away.

By and by, having come to the end of his cigarette, he roused himself, and got up with a bright, assured look, as if he had made up his mind upon some difficult question. And then, without

looking to right or left, he walked straight across to the fifth archway.

"Good morning, Signore Beni. May I speak to you for five minutes?"

La Giulietta's uncle, having passed on the priest's wheel to his neighbour, had gone back to the shaping of his spokes. Seeing this stranger at the door, he put down his tools and wiped his hands on his apron.

"Surely," he said; and pointed to a three-legged stool, which was the only seat he had to offer.

But the sailor preferred to stand.

"Not till I have told you my business."

The wheelwright looked at him with curiosity.

"It is not often," he said, "that a man of your calling does business with a man of my calling."

"It is not with your calling that I am concerned, Signore Beni," replied the sailor; "but with your niece."

"My niece! What have you to do with my niece?"

"I wish to make her my wife."

A sullen flush mounted slowly over Stefano Beni's sallow face.

"Who are you?" he asked, abruptly.

"I come from Bari. My name is Cesare Donato. I am a merchant seaman, and I sail my own vessel. I have worked hard, and been fortunate. I want no dowry with the woman I marry."

"Since when have you known my niece?"

"Since this morning."

"This morning! What do you mean by 'this morning'?"

"I mean that I saw her by chance just now, in the market-place, and that I followed her into the Arena."

"Never till this morning? Never before?"

"Never."

The wheelwright laughed contemptuously.

"Go!" he said. "You are mad."

"Do I look like a madman?"

"You talk like one; that is worse."

The sailor smiled gravely.

"Here is my passport," he said, pulling out a well-worn pocket-book, and producing a much stamped and counter-signed document. "I have not my ship's papers with me; but I will fetch them from Venice."

"Your passport and your ship's papers are nothing to me," said the wheelwright, roughly. "I tell you, the thing is impossible."

"For a thousand reasons."

"Name five."

"One is enough. Because you are a stranger, and I know nothing about you."

"That is an objection that cures itself daily. I am less a stranger to you now than I was ten minutes ago; and when we have known each other for a month, it will be as if we had been acquainted all our lives."

"But if I don't choose to know you at all—what then?"

"Then one or other of us will have to put up with an annoyance. Either I must be disappointed of the pleasure of your friendship; or you must tolerate mine. But, good Signor Beni, why need we waste words? I am an honest man, and a prosperous. I love your niece, and I will settle twenty-five thousand lire upon her and her children the day of our marriage. Can I say fairer?"

Stefano Beni bit his lip. He was bewildered; angry; impatient. He knew not what to say. The man looked honest, and spoke frankly. To test the truth of his statements would not be difficult. Supposing all was as he represented it to be—would he, Stefano, be justified in maintaining an attitude of opposition? He loved his niece dearly—as dearly as if she were his own daughter; but his love was not without a touch of selfishness. He had never said to himself that he wished his little Giulietta to live unwedded for his sake; but the future held few possibilities more unwelcome than that of her marriage. And yet . . . a man so well-to-do as this stranger! A man willing and able to place her in a position beyond the reach of worldly needs and dangers! Twenty-five thousand lire! To a man in Stefano Beni's rank of life, twenty-five thousand lire (a thousand pounds English) is a handsome fortune.

"How can I tell that you would do all this?" he said, sullenly;

"how can I tell that what you say is true?"

"Give me till the day after to-morrow, and I will satisfy you on every point. If you like to come with me to Venice you shall see my ship. As for the money, I will lodge it here, in Verona, in the hands of any banker you please to name."

"And what then? My girl is not to be bought and sold like a bale of merchandise!"

"God forbid! No, Signore Beni—I know that. Let me convince you; and then let me take my chance with the donzella. That is all I ask."

But Cesare Donato's "all" was more by far than Stefano Beni was willing to concede. That "all" was neither more nor less than the small end of an iron wedge in an iron hand.

Driven into a corner, the wheelwright considered for a moment—not as to what he should say, but as to how he should say it.

"See here, Signore Donato," he answered presently, with a dogged slowness of utterance. "You have been plain with me—I will be plain with you. I am in no haste to get my girl married."

The longer she stays with me, the better content shall I be. But when she marries—if marry she must—it shall not be to such an one as you."

"What do you mean by 'such an one' as I? Am I blind, or dumb, or a hunchback?"

"You are not one of us. You say you come from Bari. That is just as if you said you came from America. I know nothing about Bari; except that it is hundreds of miles away—as far away as America, for aught I can tell. Your people are not our people; your ways are not our ways. We are of the north—you are of the south. We are of the land—you are of the sea. It will not do. Let there be an end of it."

"I cannot take that answer from you, Stefano Beni."

"You will have to take it," said the wheelwright, roughly.

"I may have to take it; but it will be from herself. I claim only fair treatment and a fair chance. Make inquiry as to my character and my means. Sift the question as much as you please. It is your right. Or I will myself lay the proofs before you; and to insist on your investigation of them is my right. The rest concerns your niece."

The wheelwright burst into an angry laugh.

"By the body of Bacchus!" he said, "this is good! A fellow whom I never saw before, and whom I wish never to see again, walks into my workshop, tells me he has taken a fancy to my niece at first sight, and refuses to accept 'No' for an answer!"

"I deny that you have the right to say 'No,' unless you show that I am unworthy, and a liar."

"Worthy or unworthy, true or a liar, it's all one to me. I disapprove; and that's enough."

"I beg your pardon," said Donato. "It is a great deal too much. To watch over your niece's interests, to protect her against a spendthrift, a drunkard, or a thief, is your duty. But you are not justified in standing between her and an honest man who would settle his money upon her, and make her a good husband."

"I have said my last word. I disapprove. Good morning."

And Stefano Beni took up his chisel and mallet with the air of a man who had no more time to waste in idle argument.

"Then I say again that I will accept no refusal but hers. In the meanwhile, I go to Venice for my papers. Till we next meet, Signore Beni."

With these words, the sailor lifted his hat and left the workshop.

Then Stefano Beni fell to work savagely, and the chips flew from his chisel-point like sparks from a smith's anvil. Was ever man so tried—so defied—so thwarted! His little Giulietta, forsooth! His pearl of girls! His very own! She whom he had fed, sheltered, cherished in the core of his heart, since she was a tiny, toddling child—she for whom he had been secretly scraping and saving year by year, as persistently as if she were the offspring of his own loins! That a fellow like this—a foreigner as one might almost say—should dare to cast covetous eyes upon her. . . . Holy Madonna! it was enough to enrage a saint! Was it for this that he had taken such pride in her education, sending her to the Carmelite school daily for nine long years, till she could not only read and write as well as the nuns themselves, but embroider better than any other skilled workwoman in Verona? Was it for this that he had worked summer and winter, week-days and festas, counting every lire, grudging nothing for the good of the little one, and denying everything to himself? By the Mass!—no. And this man! alleged that he, Stefano Beni, was not "justified" in his refusal! "Justified," indeed! A fellow like this to talk of justice! Should he rear a delicate and precious flower, shelter it, water it, train it with infinite pains and care; and when it came at last to perfection, should it be rudely plucked by the rough hand of a passing stranger? Would that be justice? "An honest man," forsooth! As if there were not scores of honest men in Verona as good as he! Let him take his honesty and his money to another market, and the devil go with him!

Such was the indignant tenor of Stefano Beni's meditations. Like most taciturn men, he could be sufficiently angry when roused; and on the present occasion, he was wrath exceedingly. So he chiselled and hammered, and muttered and fumed, till he had worked off a little of his superfluous heat; then wiped the perspiration from his brow; drank a long draught of cold water from the old green pitcher that always stood on the corner shelf; and went in next door to see how his neighbour the blacksmith was getting on. Here he found his own apprentice, Matteo, assisting to hold the wheel, while Luigi hammered on the tire. The job, in fact, was nearly done.

"Look here, neighbour," he said, presently; "you have more book-learning than I, and know more about places. Can you tell me anything about Bari?"

"About Bari?" the blacksmith repeated. "Well, not much. It's a good long way off, down in the south country."

"But it is in Italy?"

"Oh, yes—it is in Italy."

"And a seaport?"

"Surely—a seaport on the Adriatic coast. You may see plenty of Bari trading-vessels at Ancona and Venice. Our neighbour Sacchi, who understands the wholesale business as well as any man in the town, gets all his oil from Bari. Being brought by sea to Venice, it comes cheaper than the oils of Florence and Lucca, which have to be brought across the Apennines."

"Then it is a place doing a brisk trade?"

"None more so. Don't you know the proverb—'Bari for oil; Trani for figs; Otranto for pretty women?' But why do you ask?" To this question the wheelwright made no reply; but stood looking silently on, while the last nails were driven.

"I will settle with you for this job, Luigi," he said; "and Padre Anselmo can settle with me."

He did not choose the blacksmith to know that the cost of the tire was to come out of his own pocket. That was a secret between his little Giulietta and himself; and perhaps he was also a little ashamed of his weakness in the matter. Then—having to send the wheel back to the Golden Sun—he bade Matteo call round by way of the Osteria dell Cappello, and tell his niece that he was too busy to come home at midday to dinner.

"Got a pressing job on hand, neighbour?" asked the blacksmith, who had his share of curiosity.

Stefano Beni looked glum, and shrugged his shoulders.

"No," he said; "but I'm out of sorts to-day, and have no stomach for my food. That's all."

And so, with a nod, he walked off to the cook's-shop at the corner of the Vicolo San Nicolo, and bought him half a loaf of black bread and a plate of beans and oil; upon which frugal fare, washed down with another draught from the green pitcher, he presently made his solitary meal.

His rage was over now; but his thoughts were gloomy, and his heart was full of bitterness. He wondered, as he lit his pipe and sat brooding in the inner gloom of his den, if there was in all Verona a man more ill-used than himself.

All at once, breaking upon the mid-day stillness of the almost empty piazza, there came a sound as of some vehicle furiously driven; and the next moment—almost before he had raised his head to look—a hack vettura dashed up to his door. The vettura was empty; the horse was reeking; the driver jumped down, whip in hand, and walked in without ceremony.

It was Tonio Moretti, looking pale and excited.

"Good morning, neighbour Beni," he said. "I feared you were gone home to dinner."

"You feared wrongly, then," growled the wheelwright, without taking his pipe from his lips. "Anything the matter?"

"Yes—I have something very important to say to you."

"It must needs be very important, to make you drive like that. Is the Adige on fire?"

"The matter is this," said the young vetturino, boldly. "I love your niece Giulietta. You know me. You know that my father left me five thousand lire; and that my vettura and my two horses are my own. I can keep a wife in comfort. Will you give me La Giulietta's hand in marriage?"

For a moment, Stefano Beni stared at him in angry stupefaction; then jumped to his feet, and shivered his pipe into a dozen pieces.

"What! another of you?" he exclaimed. "Diavolo! it is too much."

CHAPTER XLII.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM

"THEN it is Addio—but not for long."

Those were his words. How well she remembered them! How well she remembered the way in which they were said—the tone, so resolute and so tender! Sure Romeo himself never looked and spoke more like a princely lover!

And now the morrow was come—the morrow on which he had urged her to meet him, at the Arena, at San Zenone, at matins, at vespers; and she had refused all his entreaties. Except on market days, La Giulietta rarely passed the boundary which divided the little inner-world of the Osteria dell Cappello from the outer world of streets beyond the gate; and on this particular morning, if even she had needed to go into the town, she told herself she would have put up with any inconvenience rather than seem to seek a meeting.

But it so happened that she needed nothing out of doors. She had sent her embroidery home last evening, and begun another piece for the same employer. So it was a day to sit at work while daylight lasted.

In the meanwhile, she would not even go down to the well; for there the gossips were congregated as usual, and there Tonio Moretti was loitering, also as usual, casting impatient glances towards her balcony, and wondering why she was so late. But he might wait, and he might wonder; and when he was tired of waiting and wondering, he might go! What right had he to waylay and annoy her every morning with his unwelcome courtship? How dared he call her "Cara Giulietta?"

"Good Brigitta," she said, interrupting one of the neighbours on her way down stairs. "Will you fill my can for me? I am so busy this morning!—and I will do as much for you another day."

And Brigitta, who was a good natured soul, and wife to the lame clog-maker on the fourth floor, smiled knowingly as she took the big brass can from the girl's hand, and said:—

"With pleasure, Giulietta mia; but there is one below who has been looking for you this last half-hour. Ah! ah! I used to pretend to be hard-hearted myself sometimes, when I was of your age, and Carlo was courting me!"

So Tonio Moretti, having lingered till half-past seven, went his way, whereby he again missed the early arrival from Milan, and missed it for nothing.

La Giulietta, meanwhile, made haste with her household work; dusting and washing up; polishing her uncle's carved oak chair, and rubbing the old brass dishes and the tall classically shaped lucerne, till they shone like burnished gold. Then, having prepared her vegetables for the soup, watered the flowers in her balcony, fed her linnet, and done all that perfect cleanliness and order could do to make the place pretty and home-like, she brought out her work-basket, and her bag of coloured silks, and her reels of gold and silver thread, and settled down to the day's embroidery.

Such was the routine of her daily life; and she was wont to pursue it as contentedly as if there were no gay shops in the Via del Corso, and no sweet country walks beyond the walls. When it was neither too hot in summer nor too cold in winter, she would carry her chair out upon the balcony; and there with bent head and busy fingers, singing softly to herself, she plied her needle in the sunshine.

But to-day she stayed within; sitting a little way back from the open window, and screened by a climbing bower of nasturtiums and convolvuli, which all the summer it had been her delight to train. From here she commanded a peep over one side of the courtyard, and could see, not only the archway surmounted by the ancient cognisance of the Capulets, but also the customers going in and out of the trattoria; the serving-maid carrying the dishes across from the kitchen; the cobbler in his stall in the corner; and old Anita roasting her chestnuts under the gateway.

"Then it is Addio; but not for long!"

The words ran in her head like a tune. "Not for long"—but for how long? Would he try to see her again to-day? What if he were even now in the street outside, seeking for the house? What if he were just coming into the courtyard? If she saw him standing there in the shade, what would she do? She hardly dared to peep down through the nasturtiums, lest she should meet his eyes looking up.

Was his name really Romeo? Or did he say that it was Romeo, merely by way of telling her that he loved her? This was a knotty point, and it gave her much to think about. If he were indeed Romeo . . . ah! if he were! Now in the Gallery of the Palazzo del Consiglio there was a picture which she used to go and look at on festa days, when the rooms were open to the public—an indifferent piece of art, brown with age, and not entered in the catalogue. It was a portrait of some unknown personage by some unknown artist, apparently a follower of Giorgione; and it represented a dark-eyed, melancholy man with black hair, and a forked beard, and a gold chain about his neck, and his right hand resting on the hilt of a jewelled dagger. A mere child of the people, inheriting the people's instinctive love for art, but utterly ignorant of styles, periods, schools, and the data of costumes, the girl had long since made up her mind that this sixteenth-century personage was the hero of the ancient love-story. She had interrogated the old canvas, and she fancied that it had told her its story. But alas! her Romeo of yesterday was not in the least like her Romeo of the Palazzo del Consiglio. His hair and beard were of a reddish brown; his eyes were hazel; he had nothing of the fatal look of the man in the old picture.

Then she brought out her ballad (it was in twenty-four verses!) and set herself to learn it by heart. And as she matched her silks and planted her stitches, she sang over and over again the refrain with which each stanza ended:—



Last evening she sent home a slip of bordering for an altar-cloth. This morning she was beginning on a white satin stole, to be by and by covered by her busy fingers with a mediæval pattern of crimson roses alternating with golden oak leaves and silver acorns. The design, drawn upon vellum and richly coloured, lay beside her on the table. A dainty handicraft! It was no wonder that her little hands were soft and delicate.

"Io t'amo ora e sempre
Romeo! mio. . . ."

Was that a tap at the door?

The needle dropped from her fingers. She held her breath, listening—not daring to move.

The tap was repeated.

That he should actually come to the house—that he should venture to mount the stairs—that he should dare to knock at the door . . . this was what she had not foreseen! What must she do? To admit him was out of the question. Did he suppose that any modest maiden would do that? Surely he was too bold! She had but one course open to her. She must keep silent, and not open the door.

Then there came a third tap; and a boyish voice (not his voice!) cried impatiently:—

"Ho, there! Is no one within?"

She ran to the door and opened it at once; and there stood a lad with a basket.

"The Signorina Giulietta Beni?"

"I am Giulietta Beni."

He handed her the basket, and with a quick "Good day!" touched his cap and was gone.

Flowers! A simple wicker basket lined with moss and full of flowers—such flowers as she had never seen before! Some looked as if made of white velvet; some were like wax, semi-transparent, pink and creamy white; some sparkled all over, as if iced or crystallised; and some were more like butterflies than blossoms. Most wonderful of all was a star-shaped crimson flower with a jewelled heart, like a cluster of rubies in a golden setting.

The girl hung over them, breathless, bewildered, dazzled. Such flowers, surely, could only grow in Paradise!

Then, one by one, being almost afraid to touch them, she took them out; and there at the bottom lay a single white rose-bud with a slip of paper twisted about its stem; and on this paper was written in pencil—"Romeo to Giulietta."

All the rest of that day she shut herself up in the house; working it is true, yet making little progress. Could she help it, if her thoughts wandered and her hands now and then lay idle in her lap? She hid the basket in her own room at dinner-time; not daring to let the wondrous Paradise-flowers be seen by Uncle Stefano; and in the evening, when it became dusk, she stole down with a handful of the fairest for Our Lady's shrine in the courtyard.

So the hours went by; and when night came, her sleep took up the sweet dreams of the day. Then the moon, mounting slowly behind the roofs at the back where once was Capulet's garden, flooded the ancient house and its surroundings with a tender glory; and by and by the silver stream flowed in at the window of the room in which she slept, stealing along the wall; creeping towards the table at her bedside; travelling with imperceptible motion from her beads to her missal, from her missal to the single rose-bud in its tumbler of water standing nearest to her pillow. And when it slid presently to the face of the sleeper, the girl's lips parted in a happy smile, as if that wandering ray carried a message, or a kiss, from the white bud on the table to the crimson blossom of her mouth.

(To be continued.)

BIG REFRESHMENT CATERING

THE providing of luncheons and refreshments for thousands of persons at a time, often at very short notice, has become quite an art. In many cases it cannot be stated beforehand even approximately how many persons will be present to be provided for; and yet there must be enough for all, or grumblers and grumbling will be plentiful. On the other hand, if foods and perishable good things are provided for a vast number, and through unforeseen circumstances a much smaller number attend, the caterer may be a heavy loser. Only a thorough organisation of every department can meet these difficulties; a full supply of everything that can be called working plant, and facilities for attaining almost on the spur of the moment any quantity of the consumable articles.

Many of the present generation of refreshment caterers served their apprenticeship (so to speak) at the original Crystal Palace in Hyde Park during the Great Exhibition of 1851, an Exhibition that was as wonderful for eating and drinking as for everything else. The refreshment contract was divided between two firms, who paid heavy royalties for the exclusive privilege; the risk was considerable because no one could form more than a vague guess as to the number of persons taking refreshments, or the amount of money spent by each; but it proved to be a capital speculation. When all was over it was found that the comestibles and beverages consumed within the Palace during the six months that the Exhibition was open comprised the following enormous quantities:—Bread, 52,000 quarters; small loaves, rolls, and biscuits, 120,000; plain buns, 870,000; Bath buns, 930,000; Banbury and other cakes, 220,000; cake sold per pound, 50,000 lb.; meat patties and rolls, 80,000; ham, 70,000 lbs.; beef, tongue, &c., 260,000 lb.; rough ice, 80,000 lb.; salt, 80,000 lb.; milk and cream, 65,000 quarts; tea, coffee, and chocolate, 21,000 lb.; lemonade, soda water, and ginger beer, 1,090,000 bottles. Buns and effervescing drinks alone brought in 30,000l. We have not the figures at hand relating to cold fowls and other poultry, to lobsters for salad, nor to wines, spirits, liqueurs, or malt liquors; but they must have "totted up" to a pretty stiff aggregate.

There was one memorable day at the Alexandra Palace which taxed the energies and ingenuity of the refreshment contractors to a most unusual degree. Whit-Monday was prepared for on the day for a good influx of visitors; but the splendour of the weather and the attractive programme of amusements tempted up to Muswell Hill no fewer than 90,000 persons "on pleasant thoughts intent." Every one was astounded, some half paralysed. The staff and servants of the railway company (only one at that time), the money-takers and check-takers, the omnibus men and cabmen, the drivers of waggons and pleasure-vans, all were pressingly busy, and all made rich harvest on that day. When the thirsty souls, and hungry souls, too, came to search for creature comforts, what a rush and crush, jam and cram it was! Some could not reach the buffets at all; some spilt or lost half their purchase in squeezing out from an excited perspiring crowd. The contractors sent carts and messengers to all the surrounding villages to purchase such food and beverages as were to be had. As ill-luck would have it, the day was a Bank holiday, and as a consequence the shops everywhere were closed to a provoking extent, thereby increasing the perplexing difficulties of the caterers. Not all ill-luck, however, for the incidence of the Bank Holiday greatly swelled the number of visitors, manifestly to the profit of the company. Happy those who took with them well-filled baskets and bags of provisions; they were rewarded for their forethought.

The Volunteer Camp at Wimbledon affords a good example of catering on a large scale. Every year when July comes the refreshment contractors set to work, building up wooden structures of large dimensions for dining and luncheon rooms, breakfast and tea-rooms,

buffets and counters, cooking rooms, sculleries, coal and beer cellars, store-rooms, ice-houses, lavatories. And by means of paint and a little gilding these structures are made to present a gay and cheerful appearance. It is not simply the supply of a light refreshment for a few hours in the day; much more than this is planned and achieved. Either for officers, or for the main body of Volunteers, or for visitors and strangers, there are always busy and active servants at work, from breakfast in the morning till supper at night. In one particular July, a few years ago, on a busy Saturday followed by a busy Sunday, there were consumed 8,000 lb. of bread, 16,000 rolls, 5 cwt. of biscuits, 1,000 fruit pies, 4 cwt. of fresh butter, 5,000 eggs, 4 cwt. of cheese, 2,500 lettuces, 30 cwt. of potatoes, 600 quarts of shelled peas, 100 cwt. of ice, 600 quarts of ices and ice creams, 780 gallons of tea, 130 gallons of coffee, 350 gallons of milk, 100 tongues, 160 hams, 560 lb. of salmon, 150 lb. of eels, 20 turbot, 480 lobsters, 900 fowls and other poultry, 120 cwt. of beef and other kinds of butcher's meat, 80 hogsheads of ale and stout, 760 gallons of claret cup, and large quantities of wines, spirits, bottled beers and ales, liqueurs, and aerated waters. No wonder that 450 persons were employed to meet all the requirements of such a high pressure state of things.

An illustration of catering for one particular meal and a definite number of guests was strikingly furnished at the recent opening of the Royal Albert Dock near North Woolwich. The Directors of the Company invited 4,000 visitors, from Royalty downwards, to witness the ceremony, and did not send away them empty when it was over. They applied to Messrs. Spiers and Pond, the most experienced and enterprising of all our firms of refreshment contractors; and preparations were made at a very short notice. The Company's vast warehousing shed, scarcely a thousand feet in length, was converted for the nonce into a gigantic luncheon-hall, transformed by painting, flags, flowers, plants, and ornaments. The tables were two hundred in number, and the table-cloths extended over more than a mile, each occupied by guests only on one side, in order that all might see and hear the notabilities on the dais. Five hundred waiters and one hundred cooks and carvers were employed. To accompany the substantial viands and beverages provided there were 4,000 dishes and 15,000 plates, 12,000 knives, 24,000 forks and spoons, and 12,000 drinking glasses. The resources at their command, in *personnel* and *matériel*, to enable the contractors to do this, in addition to all their other undertakings, must be something marvellous.

G. D.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

WESTMINSTER HALL

WESTMINSTER HALL is perhaps the noblest apartment in Europe unsupported by columns. It is, however, slightly surpassed in size by the great Halls of Padua and Vicenza. Whether its first builder was William Rufus, or whether a Hall previously existed upon the site, is uncertain. There is, however, ample evidence that it was built or rebuilt by William II. Before the restoration carried out by George IV., traces of Norman work were distinctly visible both inside and out, and during that not very judicious series of repairs, several early Norman windows were brought to light, but unfortunately not only were these destroyed, but all other vestiges of its Norman origin were obliterated, and the noble roof was disfigured by the addition of dormers, and an ill-designed spirelet, which is neither a "louver" nor a "lantern." All the old portion of the Hall now visible is the work of Richard II., and is a splendid example of that monarch's love of grandeur and magnificence. The roof, which is perhaps the most remarkable specimen of mediæval carpentry in this country, was designed by Master Henry Zeneley, and constructed by John Boterell; during some portion of the time that the work was in progress, Chaucer the poet was clerk of the works. As far as can be ascertained this noble Hall was completed in 1398. At the south end of the Hall there was originally a throne and bench of marble, upon which the kings used to sit when judging special cases, and it is highly probable that the Court of King's Bench was named after this identical throne or bench. Henry V. and Richard III. both sat themselves upon this throne or bench immediately they were declared kings. At this end of Westminster Hall (Styrie says under it) * were two apartments called "Heaven" and "Hell," and near them another called "Purgatory;" the two former were leased out as public-houses in James I.'s time, and Smith quaintly remarks that they "were frequented by low company, especially lawyers and clerks." It seems however more probable that these buildings stood upon the site of the present Court of Chancery. We fear few people, however, would consider "Heaven" an appropriate designation for such a spot.

A large richly moulded modern doorway leads from the south side of Westminster Hall to the staircase which gives access to the Lobby of the House of Commons, and forms the principal entrance for Members of Parliament. Passing through this doorway one enters

THE MEMBERS' PORCH

THIS is a rather dark and heavily vaulted entrance hall, occupying the site of the ancient Bell Tower of St. Stephen's. A passage from the Members' Porch leads directly to the Cloak Room and the Great Staircase, both of which we have previously illustrated. Having passed through this passage and up the staircase the Members arrive at the pretty little corridor or upper cloister, represented in our second illustration. A little bow window in the middle of this corridor commands a picturesque view into the Cloister "Garth" or open court of St. Stephen's, with its elegant Oratory and richly traceried windows.

HE LOVED ME ONCE

"He loved me once," she murmurs low,
"Love reads love's every sign;
No need for his lips to tell me so
To know that his heart was mine.
But lapse of years and change of skies
Make warmest hearts grow cold;
When I gaze to-night in his dear blue eyes
Shall I see the love of old?
Fate may frown, and death may sever,
But love for an hour is love for ever.

He comes—they meet in the very place
Where they parted long ago;
Slowly out of each altered face
The treasured features grow.
Their hearts are fuller than hearts can hold
Of memories sweet or sad,
And the lips of the man at length have told
The silent love of the lad.
Fate may frown, and death may sever,
But love for an hour is love for ever.

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE

* Styrie, Book VI., page 52.



WE have long had Extracts from Ruskin and Carlyle, and now the Apostle of Sweetness and Light has found an admirer public-spirited enough to make up a volume of "Passages from the Prose Writings of Matthew Arnold" (Smith, Elder, and Co.). One is reminded of the old joke of carrying about a few bricks to show what sort of a house a man has to sell, when one finds a bit of "Last Essays" jostling a page from the "Study of Celtic Literature," and both flanked by a paragraph from "Friendship's Garland." But we must say that in this volume the inevitable fragmentariness is reduced to a minimum. "Literature," "Politics and Society," "Philosophy and Religion" are the heads under which the extracts are grouped. Most of us know what to expect. Whatever he is treating of—whether laughing at Lord Macaulay's attempt at "ideas," as in "To all the men upon this earth Death cometh, soon or late;" or exalting Goethe; or lamenting that we have not an Academy; or characterising Celtic genius; or dividing us English into "barbarians, Philistines, and populace;" or pointing out the difference between Lord Grenville, who had a nation to back him, and Lord Granville, who has only Philistines—Matthew Arnold is always the same delightful dogmatist, firmly rooting into everything else the dogma which he carefully weeds out of Religion. On Religion there is much to be learnt from his remarks. Despite the un-English assurance which thinks it can pick out the very words of Jesus from the medley of the Gospels, what he says of St. Paul ought to be studied by every preacher, by every hearer. When we find (as men have been doing ever since St. Augustine's day) "in Paul's Eastern speech the formal propositions of Western dialectics," we show that the veil is over our hearts. Of the influence on Matthew Arnold of Carlyle and Renan we have not space to speak. His Church of the future for the Latin races more resembles that sketched years ago by l'Abbé * * * [or *Etiol*], but he always published as l'Abbé * * *] than anything of Renan's. Oxford, we fancy, can never forgive him (despite the tenderness with which he always speaks of her) for so rudely handling her idol Butler. The book will give those who do not know Matthew Arnold a very fair idea of his value as an essayist; to those who know him it will pleasantly recall some of his best passages.

The eighteenth volume of the new edition of Kingsley, "Sanitary and Social Lectures and Essays" (Macmillan), will probably be the most useful of all. There is still so much to be done in the way of sanitation, and of dressing and dining in accordance with the laws of health; and Kingsley, with his *perfidium ingenium*, is just the man to rouse us. Like Mr. Bright in politics, he abounds in that emotional power wherewith (Matthew Arnold tells us) St. Paul vivified the idea of duty. Of course he often exaggerates; no one but he would say, for instance, that the white man with his fire-arms and blankets has done ten times more towards keeping the red man alive than by his drink he has done towards destroying him; but none the less it is true that a vast deal of our town-drinking is "not a disease, but a symptom of disease, viz., of the growing degeneracy of a population striving by stimulants to counteract slow poisons;" and now, at last, what Kingsley was battling for seems likely to come about, viz., that, in spite of vested interests, the licensing system should be thoroughly changed. Let us hope that another of his reforms, the providing porticoes and covered places for Londoners in a shower, may follow before very long. The want has been more than ordinarily felt this season, when a "Society journal" has been crying out for a waterproof awning over part of Rotten Row. As Kingsley says: "Where the lower classes do take refuge on a wet day the publican knows but too well;" and, after his fashion, he contrasts our backwardness in this with Greek and Roman ways, just as, in his onslaught on stays, he brings in "dear old Synesius, Bishop of Cyrene, and his story of the wasp-waisted Eastern slave-girl," who seemed to the Greek ladies such a prodigy of ugliness. In the same way, in asserting the duty of "lolling" instead of sitting bolt-upright, he goes to Greek *bas-reliefs*. Classical in his illustrations, is Kingsley classical in style? French he certainly is, far more than English. Trenchant and incisive, he constantly reminds us of About, whose "Maitre Pierre" is as didactic as anything in this volume. Perhaps the most serious evil that is attacked in these essays is the waste, and consequent want, of water going on year by year in this island.

Lord Bacon's way was to put down in two rows all the *pros* and *cons* of a subject. Mr. Sydney C. Buxton, in "A Handbook to Political Questions of the Day" (Murray), does much the same thing. Thus he finds three reasons for and four against free licensing; five for and six against local option; fifteen for and twenty-two against the Permissive Bill. Among these last are the assertions that it would be unfair on the working man because the rich have their clubs, and that the capital embarked in the liquor trade is so enormous that the State could never reimburse it. We thus see that Mr. Buxton aims not at saying anything new, but at bringing together the old arguments in the way most likely to enable people to judge of their value. His father, in "Ideas of the Day on Policy," reduced the arguments to ideas; he leaves it to his readers to do this, "and so to arrive at just conclusions." It is interesting to note what questions, dealt with in the "Ideas," are now settled, and what now "burning questions" were not then talked of. The book begins with Disestablishment and ends with Tenant Right, and will do more than many long treatises to help those who really want to know which way is the best in any particular case. To one statement we demur: Mr. F. Martin says that the 10,000 glebe houses of the Church are worth a million a year; how many parsonages in outlying villages does he think would let for 50s., or even 30s. a year?

We wonder if much real good comes of the unscientific teaching of science so common nowadays. Kingsley did a great deal in this way; but then he had a compelling power which is not given to Dr. J. E. Taylor. Nevertheless, from "Nature's By-Paths" (David Bogue) much may be learned on many subjects, from the Colorado beetle to the chance of coal underlying our English chalks. In "The County Palatine" are some interesting notices of shoemakers and cloggers who, like Richard Buxton, devoted their scanty leisure to natural history; while "The Norfolk Broads" describes a little-known part of our coast, and "The Naturalist on the Tramp" tells us not only about the fossils but about the human denizens of the Black Country. The papers are, we believe, reprints from periodicals; and the quasi-scientific ones were worth reprinting. We like Dr. Taylor least when he gushes, and we should expunge the chapter on "Old Wine in New Bottles." His facts: each reader must verify for himself; we are sure the wings of most sphinxes, though narrow, are not "very long;" in the humming-bird hawkmoth they are very short compared with its body.

Another book from the same publishers, and just one of those books in which the true naturalist delights, is Mr. R. L. Patterson's "Birds, Fishes, and Cetacea of Belfast Lough" (Belfast: Marcus Ward; London: David Bogue). We are thankful to the friends who persuaded the President of the Belfast Chamber of Commerce to publish papers which he had read before local societies. With a few good engravings the book would be perfect. As it is, we fancy it will tempt many people to fix themselves, some spring holiday, at Holywood, or the Irish Bangor, and see if they can get a shot at a Great Northern Diver. They should visit the Horn Head, that

stupendous bulwark which braves the Atlantic on the north-west of Donegal. His account of the Grampus, or "Becker Dog," is very interesting; the vast Galway sunfish, by the way, of which we have lately read something, seems to be the basking shark, a *Squalus*; the true sunfish (*Orthogoriscus*) averages only from 3 to 4 cwt. Let visitors remember that a squall on Belfast Lough is no joke; we never read a more thrilling, yet thoroughly temperate account of a hair-breadth escape than in Mr. Patterson's; it is plain matter-of-fact, not second-hand Kingsleyesque.

Very unlike Mr. Patterson's book is the new edition of Bishop Stanley's "Familiar History of Birds" (Longmans). It is prettily got up; only moderately illustrated (we cannot forgive the young cuckoo twice as big as the bird of paradise on the opposite page); and carefully revised (we are assured) "by a practical ornithologist of much experience." We are thankful that he has not tampered with the text, for the chief delight of the book to elder readers is to compare the Bishop with the Dean, whose interest in window gardening shows that he has not lost the family taste for Nature's works. The picture of the Dodo is appalling; by the way, the editor might fairly, in a note, have added something about Tradescant, and the dodo's leg in the Ashmolean, and the drawing in the British Museum. The book will be very useful to children, if their elders tell them the relative sizes of the birds therein figured.

Captain W. E. Montague's lively style reminds us that the author of "Claude Meadowleigh" is no novice in composition. Indeed, Leigh Hunt's "Captain Sword and Captain Pen" seems obsolete, so many gallant officers nowadays wield both. "Campaigning in South Africa" (Blackwood) is much more amusing than the average of the too-numerous books on the Zulu War. Written by a soldier, it gives all those details which soldiers love to read. Delay at St. Vincent's, with nothing to do but watch the foreign damsels and cheap brandy from which they were cut off, must have tried the men; but we were not prepared to read of pilfering, even to the extent of rifle-stealing, becoming a nuisance. "The Great Funk Land" was the soldiers' name for South Africa; and the ignoble panic of the Colonials was only equalled by their impatience towards their defenders. They cheered the big horses; but not a cheer was there all through for any of the men. At Cape Town the sole anxiety was to slip out of any possible payment: "Natal is a Crown colony; England, therefore, must pay every farthing." There is very little fighting in the book. The result of Ulundi was learnt by heliograph, and then from Archibald Forbes. All that Captain Montague "assists at" is the smoking and blasting of the caves in which Manyobola was hidden. When Pellissier did this kind of thing in Algeria, we cried out that it was horrible, unsoldierly, and so on. It seems now to be an institution in a South African campaign.

We have received the new and amended editions for 1880 of the "Practical Guides" for "Switzerland," "France, Belgium, Holland, and the Rhine," and the "Italian Lakes and Cities." A new Guide has also been added to the series, namely, a "Handbook to the Ober-Ammergau Passion Play," which contains a good map, and a variety of useful information in a small compass. These Guides fully bear out their designation, "Practical," and are published by Trübner and Co.

The Fine Art Society of Vienna (Gesellschaft für vervielfältigende Kunst) has published the third folio of etchings from the pictures by Hans Makart now exhibiting at the Hanover Gallery. Part III. is fully equal to the wonderfully printed Parts I. and II., and contains "The Hunt," by Josef Fuchs, "The Founders," by Rudolf Geyling, "The Metal-Workers," by the same artist, and "Mining," by Alois Greil. There are still over twenty plates to appear before the magnificent work is complete.

"New Zealand in 1870 and 1880," by F. Whitmore Isitt (Houghton and Co.).—This is a useful little pamphlet, in which, besides a general descriptive account of the "Britain of the South," the progress made during the past ten years is recorded. This progress is remarkable. In the Province of Auckland the population has advanced from 52,000 to 86,000; the acreage under crop and in sown grasses, from 142,996 to 470,207. The population of the Province of Wellington has advanced from 23,000 to 57,000, while the cultivated acreage has increased five-fold. In Canterbury Province a similar increase is recorded. The city of Christchurch has nearly quadrupled its population, containing now 27,000 persons, while in the far south, Dunedin, the capital of Otago, contains upwards of 40,000 persons. Mr. Isitt specially recommends New Zealand to practical farmers, to farm labourers, to domestic servants, to investors, and to invalids. These latter often gain a new lease of life by repairing to that mild and genial climate.

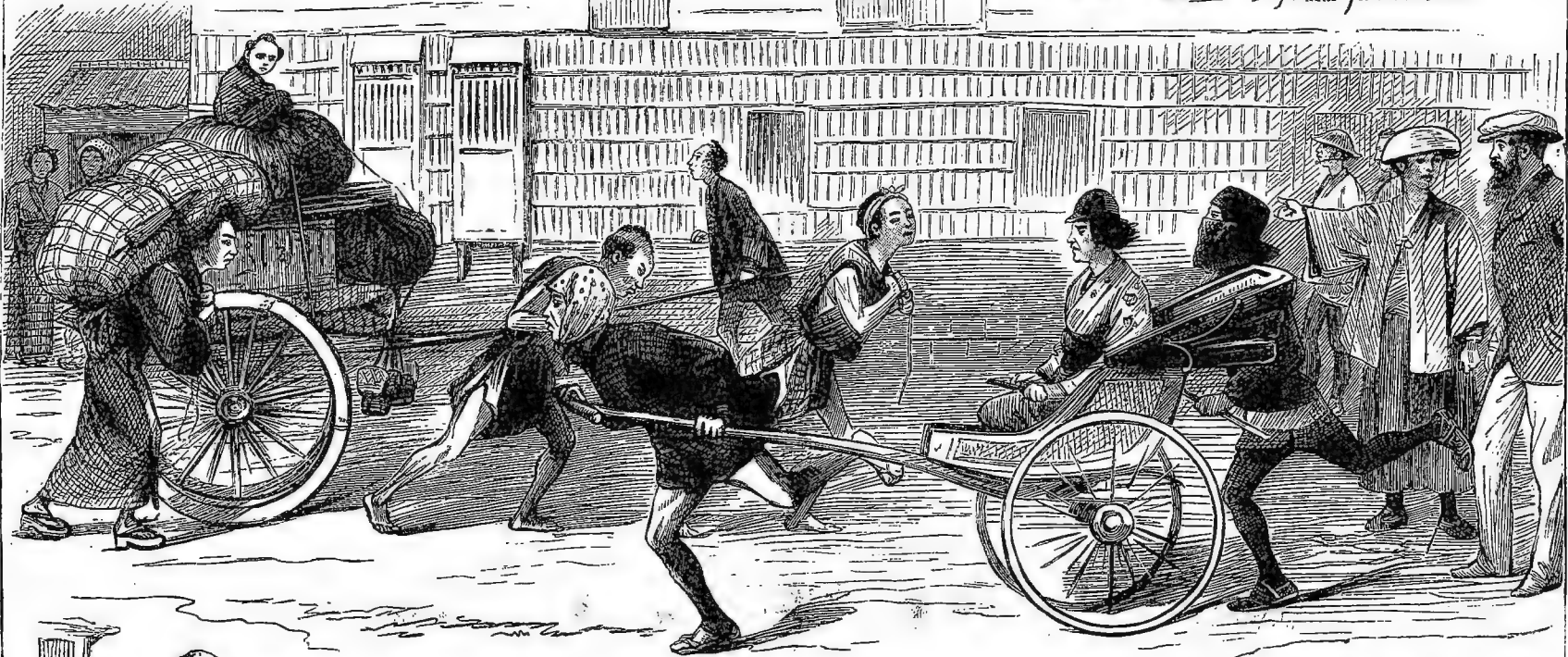
A NOTABLE CONVERSION.—Twenty years ago, had any person ventured to predict that the time would come when that most unruly of Her Majesty's subjects, the costermonger, would become a reformed character, and meekly conform to the polite usages of society even to the extent of accepting with his wife an invitation to take tea with a peer of the realm, the so-called prophecy would have been regarded as a mere absurdity. If in addition the bold vaticinator had added that about the same period the heavy-clouted, hairy-capped enemy of law and order would be on friendly terms with the head representative of the police force, and delight to be in his company, and cheer lustily when his name was mentioned, the comic papers would have made a joke of it. The surprising change has been wrought nevertheless. The happy alteration has been of gradual growth. Ten or twelve years since Lord Shaftesbury took the difficult task in hand, and stuck to it with that sturdy determination his lordship evinces when a great good is to be accomplished. St. Luke's has always been the centre of costermonger reform, the movement being ably promoted and encouraged by Mr. William Orsman, the Superintendent of the Golden Lane Mission. A "costers' barrow club" was established, and Lord Shaftesbury's name was inscribed in the book as a member. Not as a mere matter of form, be it borne in mind. His lordship became actually a "barrow man," and bought a humble vehicle of the sort indicated, which was known as the "Earl," and might be borrowed by any poor member who was for the time "hard up," and unable to pay for the hire of one. This kind-hearted act of eccentricity had a wonderfully good effect on the men appealed to, and served to a great extent as a firm foundation for all that has been done since. Last week, at the annual tea meeting held at the Foresters' Hall, in Old Street, three hundred and fifty costermongers, with their wives, were present with Earl Shaftesbury as chairman, and Sir Edmund Henderson as an honoured guest. The Chief Commissioner of Police remarked that some years ago it was the popular belief that when a costermonger was not ill-using his donkey, he was beating his wife, but he had long since succeeded in freeing his character from all such vile aspersions. "When, as sometimes happened," said Colonel Henderson, "the police had a dispute with the costermongers about market standings, the costermonger, if he was not right, was always ready to give way." Mr. Orsman was able to announce that the costermongers' club was in a flourishing condition. The subscription was fourpence a week, and the benefits were ten shillings a week in case of sickness, with ten pounds at a member's death, and five pounds at the death of his wife. The number of members was increasing, and the balance in hand had reached the respectable sum of 450l. There was a "donkey show" on the same occasion, the animals, the property of the members, being exhibited in the yard at the rear of the hall. And here appeared another unmistakeable sign of the good the "club" had accomplished. There were a mere score or so of donkeys, but between forty and fifty cobs and ponies attested to the thrift and increasing prosperity of these invaluable "provision agents" of the poor.



Burnt out



A patient for the hospital



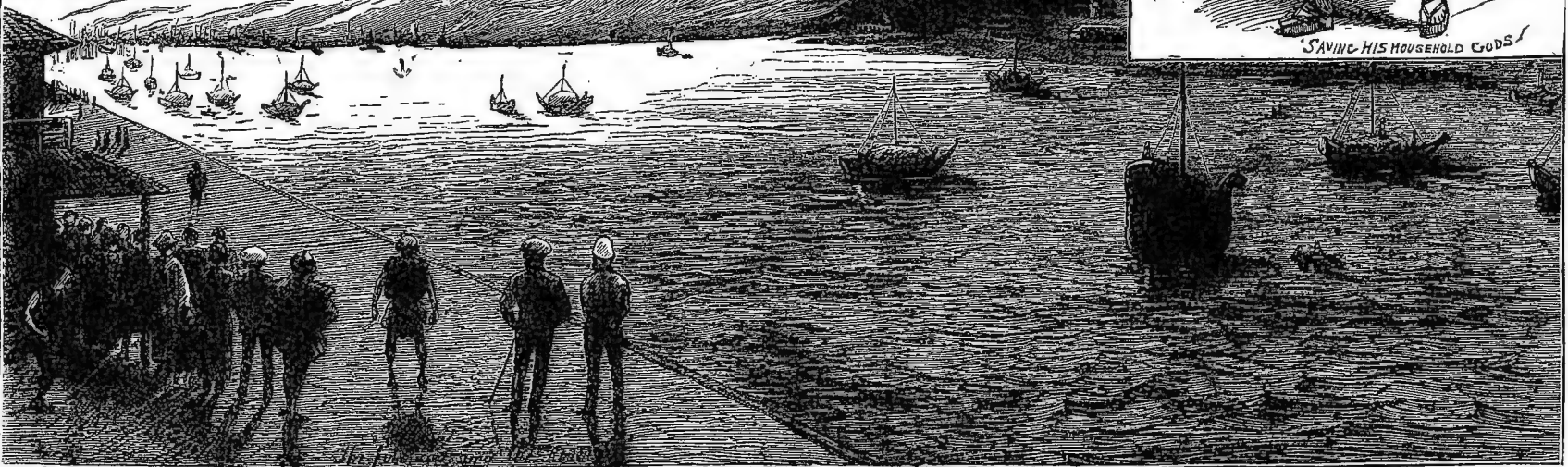
A Street scene during the fire.



The Wet Mud - Man



SAVING HIS HOUSEHOLD GODS



SCENES AT A FIRE AT TOKIO, JAPAN



DANIEL ROWLINSON RATCLIFF, ESQ.
Evesham



STUART RENDEL, ESQ.
Montgomeryshire



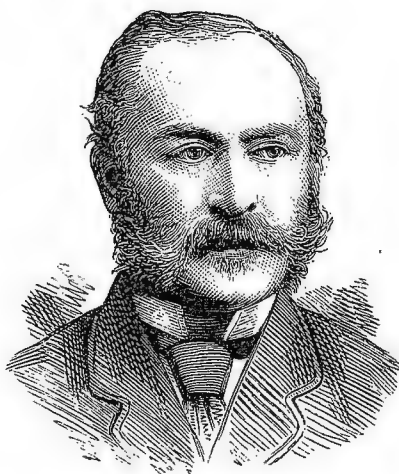
CHARLES DONALDSON HUDSON, ESQ.
Newcastle-under-Lyme



JOHN COMPTON LAWRENCE, ESQ., Q.C.
South Lincolnshire



JAMES CARLILE MCOAN, ESQ.
Wicklow County



SIR ARTHUR DIVETT HAYTER, BART.
Bath

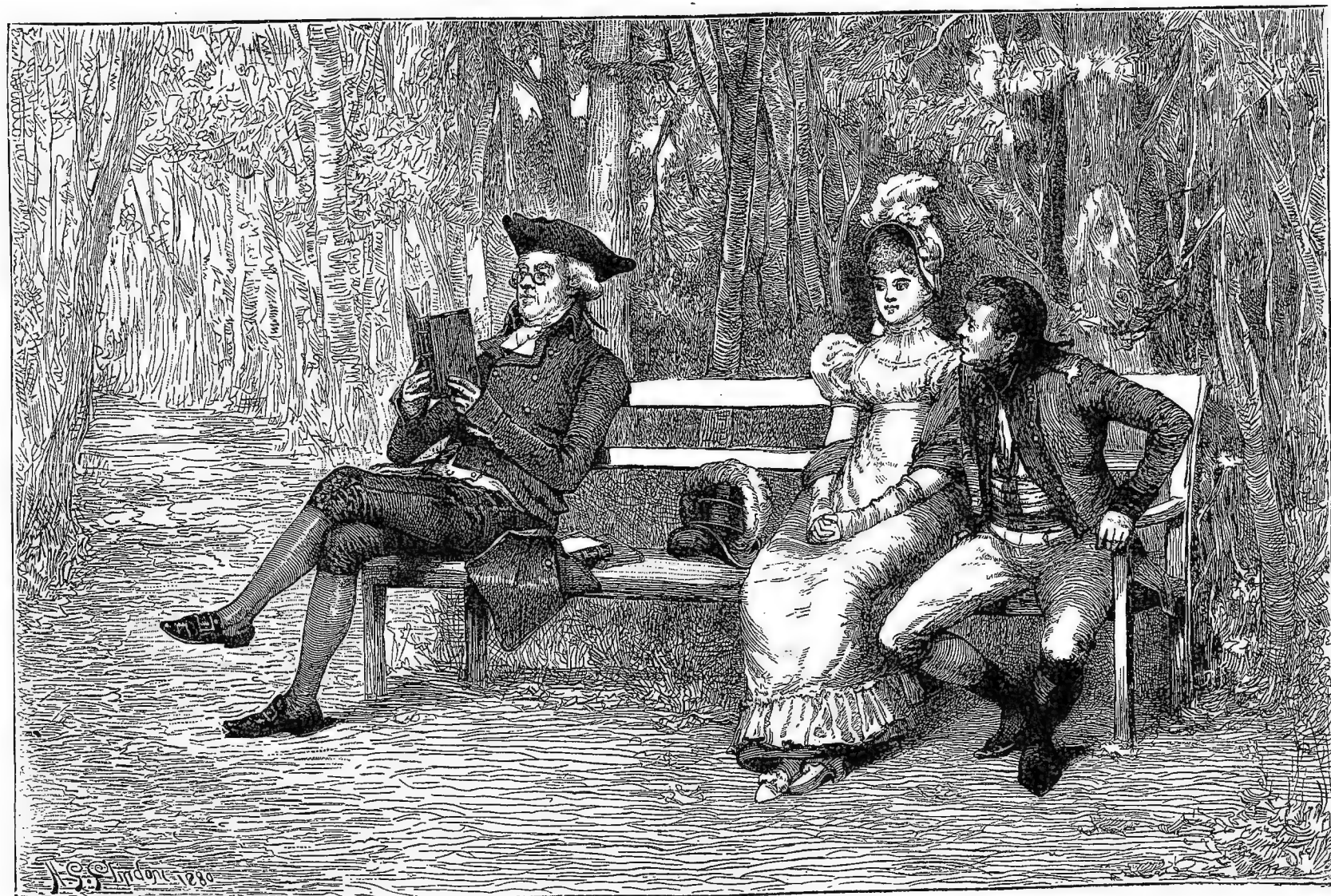


EDWARD WAUGH, ESQ.
Cockermouth



JOHN GIVAN, ESQ.
Monaghan County

NEW MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS—VIII.



"TWO'S COMPANY, AND THREE'S NONE"
FROM THE PICTURE BY H. G. GLINDONI IN THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY

LITERARY LIEBIG

AN experiment was once tried upon two dogs as to the best process of increasing bulk—in plain words, of fattening. To Dog No. 1 was given nothing but the essence of meat—Liebig, in fact—or something analogous, properly diluted in water. Dog No. 2, on the contrary, was fed on the meat itself, the bones as well as the fat, the uninviting parts as well as the choice morsels being put before him. At the end of the time appointed both dogs were weighed, and it was discovered that, whilst the first had considerably lost weight, the second had proportionately gained.

It would be highly instructive to try the same kind of experiment as regards intellectual nourishment upon two human beings, choosing those of average ability, and allotting a certain period for the trial.

Our first aspirant after knowledge should be dieted upon literary Liebig, our second upon the bones and sinews from which the essence has been made. Now let us see what happens.

"Oh!" cries Number One, at the end of the first hour's study, "it is all very well for the great German Schopenhauer to wonder that, after the experience of six thousand years, men should be so dull. The fact is, they are only beginning to learn how to learn, and the ball being once set in movement will go on rapidly increasing its pace. I have here a little work, consisting of not more than a hundred and fifty pages, which contains in a nutshell the whole theory of Political Economy, and which, having once thoroughly mastered, will enable me to discuss the rival schools of Adam Smith, Ricardo, Stuart Mill, and the rest. Now, taking only twenty-five pages a day, I can get through this Primer in six days, that is to say, a working week—or supposing I find it necessary to go over the same ground twice, for the purpose of making notes and self-questioning, say, a fortnight. This is certainly a handsome allowance. What can be done with Political Economy can certainly be done with less difficult subjects, such as Philology, Classical Literature, with the History of Rome, of Greece, of France. Then, again, Science. Botany is generally admitted to be an easy science. I will take that first. Chemistry, Astronomy, Geology shall follow, and as one subject thoroughly acquired will make the rest proportionately easy, the last dozen of Primers or Manuals will be got through much quicker than the first. Anyhow, and with only very moderate application, I may reasonably hope to arrive at an Encyclopædic education by the end of the year. The early disadvantages of my education will thus be remedied. I shall be as learned as the successful candidate for an examination."

In this exhilaration of mind our student sets to work, and it must be admitted not without apparent grounds for his delusion. The little books, with which he has so abundantly supplied himself, are so clearly and agreeably written, no novel can be more entertaining; whilst every knotty point is made so plain, that the veriest dunder-head in the world could but comprehend.

For the present we will leave him in his fool's paradise, and see what has become of our second "young man wishing to improve his mind," whose De Quincey has urged upon him the reverse process. We will also suppose him to be of a less confident and more plodding disposition than the other—less given also to self-deception. For a whole year his mental *pabulum* has been limited to half-a-dozen volumes and only one subject, that is to say, only one group of scientific facts, which to master is in itself an education of the mind. We will say, then, for the sake of illustration, that his literature has consisted of two or three selected works, such as the First Book of Hooker's "Ecclesiastical Polity;" instead of reading a summary of Greek History off at perhaps a sitting, he has quietly enjoyed Xenophon's delightful "Anabasis;" instead of reading Johnson condensed, he has browsed on the whole long, yet never too long, Boswell's "Life." In the field of abstract Science he has been equally modest, contenting himself with a Primer of Botany—for we do not in the least deny the value of Primers to those who know how to use them; and having learnt that little book through, and taken it with him into the fields and the woods and the country lanes, he has thereby laid the foundation of a taste and a knowledge which will prove a source of delight as long as he lives.

The time of probation over, our two pioneers into the fields of learning will review their campaign with very different feelings. The first will experience the sensation of a too-hasty traveller through foreign countries. He has seen much, he has gone over an immense extent of ground. Every stage seemed to him to mark so much intellectual territory as his by right of acquirement; but on reviewing the entire journey, the scales fall from his eyes—all is vague and chaotic. He has seen so much, indeed, that he remembers just nothing at all. In endeavouring to learn everything he finds that he is every whit as ignorant as before.

The second may sit down by the fireside with a glow of satisfaction. He has not travelled far, but the region thus visited has been made irrevocably his own. It may not be the most wonderful region in the world, but, such as it is, he has thoroughly explored it, and he knows not only its actual condition, but its past history. To sum up, he has acquired the kind of knowledge that is alike useful to himself and his fellows. We reiterate, literary Liebig is admirable in its way, but must not be depended upon as diet. Let our teachers especially look to it, that the young, while they get meat essence at times, are made to feed on solid food as well, and let those bent on self-instruction remember that there is no royal road to learning, and that there is nothing more dangerous than the "conceit of knowledge without the reality," as Plato endeavoured to impress on his pupils.

And after all, thank Heaven, we have Encyclopædias in abundance! There, literary Liebig is much more in its place than on the teacher's table, or in the student's pocket. What profits us to know, not to be able to show off our knowledge upon every opportunity, and then make our neighbours exclaim, after an old writer, "God grant you a decrease of learning." M. B.-E.



MESSRS. NOVELLO, EWER, AND CO.—One of Alfred Tennyson's earlier poems, "The Lord of Burleigh" has furnished the libretto for a cantata, the music of which, by Frances A. Gill, is light and void of difficulty, for which reasons it may be recommended to the notice of small choral societies of limited capacity.—Part XLVII. Vol. 6 of "The Organist's Quarterly Journal" has come out in a modest grey cover in compliance with the taste for subdued colours. The five compositions in this number are by rising composers, who owe a debt of gratitude to the editor for giving them so good a chance of making a name. A "Postlude" by J. V. Roberts, Mus. Doc. Oxon., is a musically composition, after Mendelssohn, than whom he could not have chosen a better model.—A brief and pleasing "Andante" by James J. Pye, Mus. Bac. Oxon., will prove useful for secular purposes, in fact the contents of this number are all more fitted for the concert hall than the church. "Fantasia," by Arthur Carnall, Mus. Bac. Cantab., is brilliant and showy enough to please the public at the Crystal or Alexandra Palaces, which is no small recommendation.—"March," by R. H. Heath, is melodious, but bears a very marked resemblance to Mendelssohn's March from *Athalie* and the "Wedding March."—Last and most original of the contents of this number is a simple but very charming "Andante in F," by Arthur W. Marchant, F.C.O.

MESSRS. METZLER AND CO.—A really good and singable duet for soprano and tenor is always welcome in the drawing-room. "On Mossy Bank," written and composed by B. F. Gilbert, is sure to please a mixed audience in public or private circles; it is of medium compass.—Two pathetic songs of more than ordinary merit are "The Unfinished Song," which is of "The Lost Chord" type, but not an imitation thereof, the poetical words of which are by F. E. Weatherly, the music by F. H. Cowen; and "The Sands of Dee," the well-known and touching poetry by the Rev. Charles Kingsley, music by J. L. Hutton; the former is published in E and G, the latter is of medium compass for a mezzo-soprano.—A brace of graceful pianoforte pieces by J. B. Wekerlin are "Styrienne" and "Berceuse," the latter is the prettier of the two, a most soothing lullaby.—A "Bourée in D" for the pianoforte, by Alma Sanders, is tuneful and well-written; it should be learned by heart and played in the twilight, when an encore may be looked for.

MESSRS. DUFF AND STEWART.—"Patient Love," a tenor song, written and composed by F. E. Weatherly and P. De Faye contains an excellent moral, as its name would suggest, melodiously illustrated.—"Rimprovero" is a neatly-written canzone for the drawing-room.—For a Sunday at home "Golden Grain," a narrative song, words by R. Barber, music by H. A. Muscat, will be pronounced "very charming."—Two songs on the same sad theme, Death snatching away the young and beloved, are "My Darling's Name," written and composed by Madame L. D. Ferri and Nicola Ferri, and "A Lock of Golden Hair," words and music by G. F. Kendall; the former is for a tenor, the latter is for a baritone; both are sentimental without being morbid.—A pretty idyll for the pianoforte in 3-4 tune is "Ruby," by Carl Hause.—The same may be said of "Rosa Bianca," a *Valse sympathica* by Guglielmo Lardelli.

MESSRS. A. HAMMOND AND CO.—Gustave Lange has been diligently at work for the young, and with his usual success. Three pianoforte pieces for the elders of the schoolroom are: "Im Grünen Hain," "Cypressen," and "Traumglück;" whilst for the juniors we have "Die Kleine Welt," a series of easy pieces, the first three of which we have already noticed.—No. IV. "Harvest Home" is quaint, but will not be a favourite with the young folks.—No. V. "A Message from the Flowers" is a trifle too difficult for this series.—"In the Village" and "Youthful Sorrow" (Nos. VI. and VII.) are simple and pleasing, but Nos. VIII. and IX., "The Young Sailor" and "The Good Old Times," are the merriest and most tuneful of the group.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Both words and music of "Dreams, Bright Dreams," the former by H. C. Campion, the latter by Signorina de Nigris, are full of pathos; the compass of this song is from E first line to G above the lines (Messrs. J. B. Cramer and Co.).—As a lively pendant to the above, "Young Gilbert the Sailor," written and composed by J. L. H., will prove a good contrast (W. Lea, Liverpool).—For soprano singers of the florid school "Milkmaid's Song," from Alfred Tennyson's "Queen Mary," music by W. H. Jude, will prove a success, provided the singer really sings it well; none but those who are experienced artists should attempt it (W. H. and G. H. Draper, Liverpool).—Again comes a nautical song of an ordinary type, which would, however, win applause at a seaside penny reading. "Before the Mast," written and composed by Knight Summers and T. W. Stanforth, is of medium compass (Messrs. Stanley Lucas, Weber, and Co.).—A graceful *réverie* for the pianoforte is "Le Départ," by Arthur E. Klitz, who has followed his model, Beethoven, a trifle too closely; this piece should be learnt by heart. *Pianistes*, especially amateurs, should endeavour to acquire the habit of playing from memory, as it often happens that when half-a-dozen young people are gathered together, each one offers the excuse when asked to play, "I have not brought my music" (Messrs. Willey and Co.).—There is a morbid sentimentality in the idea of writing an "Elegy" in memoriam H.M.S. *Atalanta*, which will find favour with some few personages, and create an interest in Marie Louise Sarpy's pianoforte piece on that melancholy theme (Messrs. Shepherd and Co.).—"Air de Danse," pour piano par Henri Latour, has already made a favourable impression at various public places, and will be a sure favourite in the form of a pianoforte piece (Messrs. Lyon and Hall, Brighton).

NIGHTINGALE NOTES

MORE nonsense has probably been written about the nightingale than concerning any bird that sings, except the Cochin China fowl. The latter may by some people be looked upon as no song bird, but there are others who have such an affection for his hoarse clarion that they make a point of keeping him in their back yards in a crowded town. His crow, too, is no doubt considered as beautiful by the fair knickerbockered pullets whom he woos, as the rippling trickle of the nightingale by the hens of his kind, when they cross the Channel on their summer family trip. And what is more, there is this similarity between the song of the nightingale and the crow of the Cochin cock, that they are both warlike challenges to come on and fight. Night after night the song rings out from the Sussex coppice where the hop-poles are maturing, or perhaps from a solitary oak on the edge of some shaw, to be answered half-a-mile away here, there, all over the wooded country, forming a regular network of melody, of which the nightingales are the knots.

The poets who wrote about this summer visitor apparently never troubled themselves about its natural history or the habits of birds, finding it pleasanter, perhaps, to discourse of Philomel and the bird that rests its breast against a thorn while it pours forth its plaintive lay, or makes melodious music from the sylvan grove. It seems to have accorded with their ideas that the nightingale that sang was feminine, and so it has stayed. In opposition to those who have gushed, so to speak, about the nightingale, there is the writer who ignores the beauty of its song, asserting that did it sing by day, its lay would be held of no more account than that of the wren. To this contemner of the sweet bird-notes, let it be said at once that, without question, the song of the nightingale is incomparably sweeter, purer, more melodious, liquid, and at the same time more varied than that of any English bird. As to its notes being reckoned so sweet because heard only in the stillness of the night, that is an argument that is disproved at once; for upon any bright warm spring morning towards the middle or end of April the nightingale is singing its best, evidently preferring the day to the bitter frosty nights, while thrush, lark, blackbird, goldfinch, blackcap, and linnet are warbling in rivalry around. Of these the thrush is the only bird that can pretend to rivalry, and that only on the side of variety, for, by comparison, the thrush's notes are harsh, coarse, and wanting in the sweet, softened, rippling music that distinguishes the nightingale's song—a tone so deliciously liquid that it suggests the idea that the singer might have practised its cadenza by the side of some bubbling, gurgling, trickling fount of sparkling water in a dreamy dell in some Italian vale. For the nightingale might well be looked upon as Italian by birth, and a visitor from that land of song. Fancy easily suggests that there is something foreign—something Italian—in the notes that come gushing from the bird's feather-ruffled resonant throat, so different is it from the song of other birds, and so outlandish are the verbal attempts that have been ineffectually made to write down its wondrous trill. Foreign enough, though, our nightingale, and it may spend its winters in Italy, but Northern Africa is its chief abode; and it is not until insect life begins to be plentiful that it pays its visit here in Southern England, rarely crossing the

imaginary line stretched from the Severn, north-east to the Humber's mouth.

Clever people have worked pretty hard over that task of imitating the nightingale's notes with combinations of letters, "Tse-tsi-dzo-dza-dzu," and the like, and certainly they bear some resemblance to the calls of the bird, but the most expressive way of writing of the nightingale's song is to quote from "Through the Looking-Glass," and to say "He chortles in his joy." For that word "chortle," if made liquid and musical, seems to give the best idea of how the nightingale sings, whether by day in the broad sunshine, or in the still night, when, like echoes of his call, the challenges are answered far and near till the cuckoo wakes up to believe that either it is morning, or that it is the fashion to sing by night, and floats his mellow cry upon the soft night air.

The best imitation of the nightingale's song is to be made with one of those bird whistles sold in the streets, and blown in a cup of water; but in clever hands, though wanting in the sweetness, a very effective bird lay can be produced by the friction of a wet cork on the outside of an ordinary bottle or piece of glass. The trills and long-drawn notes produced in this way leave ingenious combinations of words far behind them, let them be set in whatever key they may.

It does not fall to the lot of every one to see the nightingale, but a little patience in the spring of the year, before the arrival of the ladies and the commencement of the cares of housekeeping, with the following toil of finding food for many young mouths, will reward him who wishes to see the sweet singer, loved by poets from Shakespeare downward. He generally prefers a shady place—an oak tree with a draping of ivy, and there, upon some twig, on a spring morning, he takes his stand, raises the feathers of his throat, and seems to put his whole soul into his song.

He is a little brown sober-tinted bird, something like a young robin grown thin and genteel. In fact, his shape is very much that of the robin, with its large eye, thin legs, and insectivorous or worm-destroying bill. He is no rarity in unsavoury Seven Dials, for the nightingale is a bird easily snared, and, exchanging the free air of heaven for a cage in a dirty street, he essays a few of his old lays, but the execution bears no comparison to the song we hear in some sun-pleached coppice. The London bird-catchers know pretty well where to seek for the nightingale's nest, and one has seen the young ones reared by dint of patient attention; but the task cannot be recommended to any one as likely to repay him for his cares. For these might be musical gipsies amongst birds, so averse are they to confinement. Almost any wild bird, reared from the nest, grows accustomed to cage and owner, and practises hopping from perch to wire without ruffling a feather. The young of the nightingale, on the contrary, seem never to be at rest, but act like weary prisoners, always in expectation of the opening of their dungeon door, keeping up a fidgety, irritable movement that never seems to cease.

Not only does the nightingale resemble the robin in shape, but its young are spotted in a similar manner, and so much do these birds assimilate in habit, that nightingales' eggs have been placed in the nests of robins in places where the song is never heard. The robins rear the young successfully, but they never return to the place of their birth, Nature having inexplicably made a line of demarcation, as above stated, though there seems to be no reason whatever why the bird should not exist in Cornwall, Wales, Ireland, and even a large portion of sunny, pleasant Devon. Except in rare instances, it does not visit these parts, and Southern and Eastern England seem to be its favoured home.

A good deal of correspondence has been carried on in the morning papers respecting the doings of the London bird-catcher, and the way in which he threatens to exterminate some of our feathered songsters. Against no bird does he wage a more deadly warfare than against the nightingale, which is so easy of capture that, during the first fortnight of their coming to our shores, a clever hand will trap from fifty to a hundred, all of which fetch a goodly price. Fortunately, however, the bird-catchers' traps are set within reasonable distance of the metropolis, and on land where he can trespass. Further away there are refuges innumerable, and wide tracts, dotted with coppices, unprofaned, save in the shooting season, by the foot of man.

Within a hundred yards of where these lines are written, and even while they were written, the nightingale was singing his best in woodlands where birds that persecution has made rare have their home and rear their broods in peace. Many of the birds in whose defence so much has been written are arrant thieves, and destructive to a degree; the nightingale is, on the contrary, one who benefits the region he affects, while in addition he furnishes his song. His capture is wanton, for even as Nature has marked out the limits that he visits, so she has forbidden his inhabiting a cage. The linnet, or goldfinch, may become quite friendly, the lark, blackbird, or thrush sing merrily in the barred prison that is his home; the nightingale, on the contrary, is a captive of the captives, who always pines. It may be so well supplied with meal-worms and insects during the summer that it partially forgets that it is behind bars; but as the autumn comes on, though the food may be as plentiful as ever, the wondrous instinct that bids the birds fly south manifests itself; there is a restless desire to spread the little wings, and fly over sea and land, that no cage can crush; and, should the door be left inexorably closed, kindly Nature interposes and bids the little captive flee. For the morning comes when something lies at the bottom of the cage—a little ruffled ball of feathers, an outstretched beak, two half-opened wings, and two half-closed eyes—wings—eyes—strained in the last effort to obey great Nature's law of migration. As for that God-given essence that animated the tiny form, that gave it power to thrill us with its wondrous song—no cage could keep that back, and it has migrated—whither? To the better bird-land, maybe, who can say? GEO. MANVILLE FENN

THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SHOW AT CARLISLE

THE great annual gathering of this Society began well on Monday and ended well on Friday last; the intermediate days were disappointingly wet, although the barometer always stood at "fair weather." Fashion amongst the visitors, excellence in the exhibits, and a popularity amongst the people all combined to render the chief agricultural festival an enjoyable and instructive meeting, but Cumberland rain was enough to mar three days out of five, and inflict general loss on exhibitors and the public. The interest taken by the inhabitants of the Border counties made the event a literal "rising in the North," which sent its thousands to the Show-yard gates of "merry Carlisle." The fact that exactly twenty-five years had passed since the former meeting of the Society gave especial point to the present one, as furnishing comparisons a quarter of a century apart. The present Show covered about sixty-five acres of meadow land, adjoining the river Eden, and through which a stream, the Calder runs; thus the drainage was good, whilst there was a formidable evil threatened, after two days' rain, of the whole yard being flooded. As compared with 1855, the entries, classes, and prizes were as follows, for the live stock:—

	Entries.	Classes.	Prizes.
1855	808	76	1,550
1880	1,501	172	5,651

Implement exhibitors:—1855, 118; 1880, 269
The total number of visitors in the five days this year was 91,741—a total that compares favourably with Bedford in 1874 and Taunton in 1875, but falls short of such centres as Birmingham, Bristol,

Practical Boat Sailing for Amateurs: G. C. Davies; Stockkeeping for Amateurs: W. H. Ablett; British Dogs, Part III.: Hugh Dalziel; Bulbs and Bulb Culture, Part III.: D. T. Fish; Fancy Pigeons, Part III.: J. C. Lyell; Cucumber Culture: W. J. May. *Bazaar Office.*

The Sergeant's Legacy: E. Berthet. J. C. Nimmo and Bain.
Tales and Legends in Verse: A. Buckler. Griffith and Farran.
Brook's Popular Botany, No. 1. J. A. Brook and Co.
Learchus: J. Williams; The Treatment of Cancer and Tumours: A. Marsden.
Wyman and Sons.

My Boys: "Seriba," People She Knew: by an Old Maid; Rendlesholme: Annie M. Rowan. Remington and Co.
Lady Laura: May Elizabeth Christian. Strahan and Co.
The Tough Guide to the English Lake District: M. J. B. Baddeley.
Dulau and Co.

Fascination (4 vols.): Lady Margaret Majendie. R. Bentley and Son.
The Undiscovered Country: W. D. Howells; The Tragedy of the Unexpected: Nora Perry; A Hopeless Case: Edgar Fawcett. Trübner and Co.
Our Own Country, Vol. II. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.
International Gallery of Eminent Men, Part I. M. Leitchen and Co.
Dickens's Dictionary of London, 1880: *All the Year Round Office.*
The West Indies: C. H. Eden.

Greece: Lewis Sergeant; Episodes of French History (Charlemagne and the Carolingians): G. Masson; Notes on the Northern Atlantic: R. Brown.
Sampson Low, Marston, Searle and Rivington.

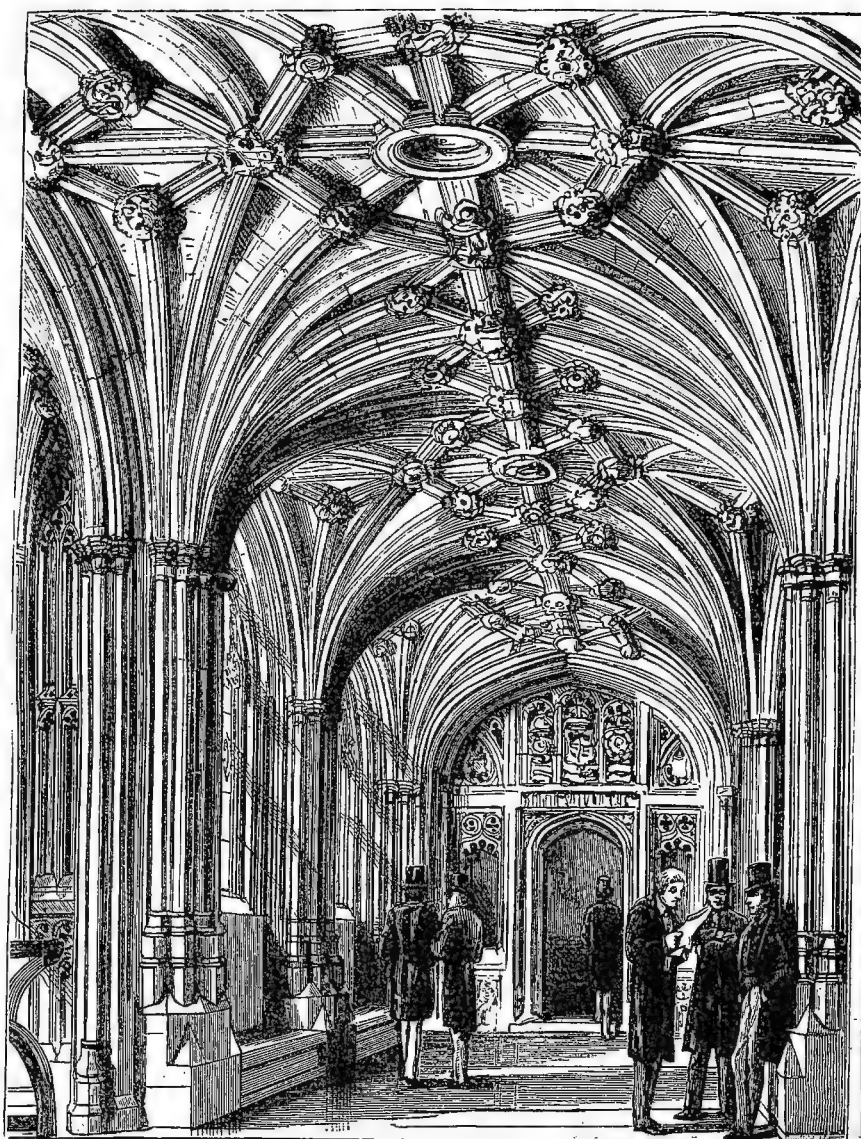
Taylor's Bee-keeper's Manual: Modernized by A. Watts. Groombridge and Sons.

Handbook on the Use of Colours: W. J. Muckley. Baillière, Tindall, and Cox.

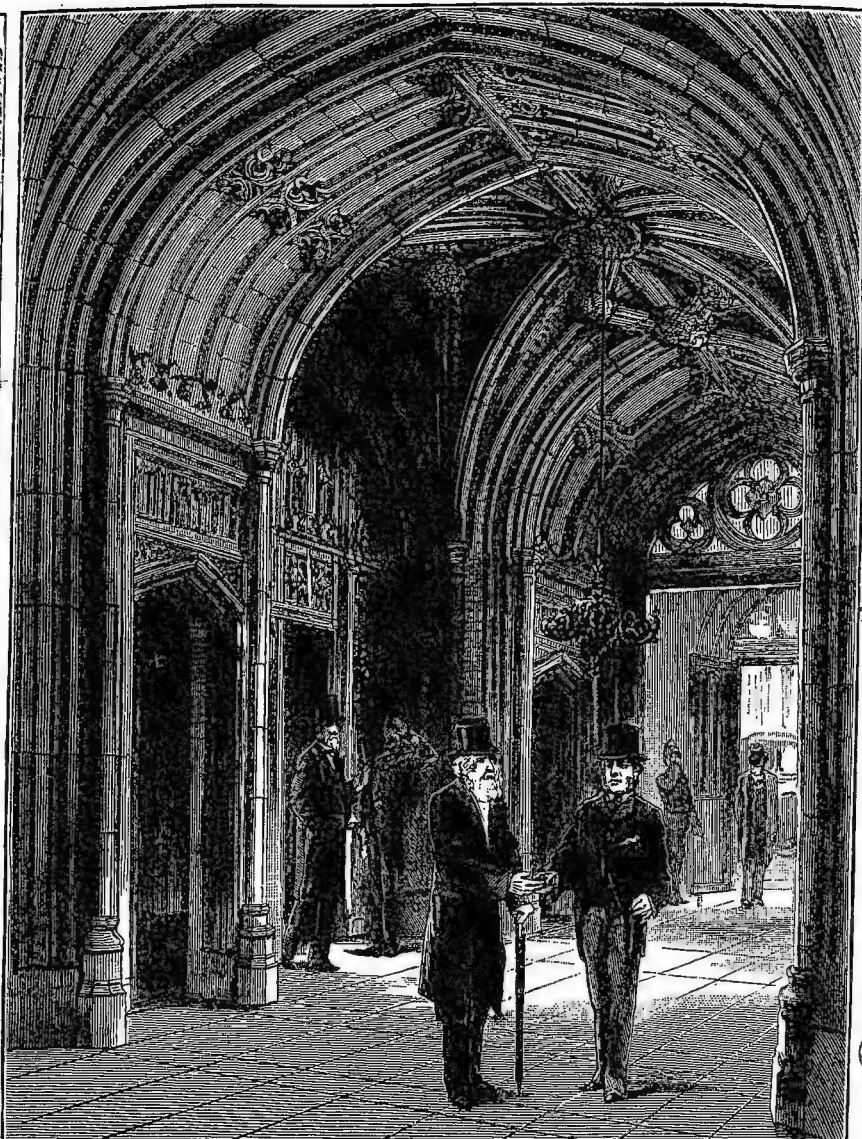
A Female Nihilist: E. Lavigne, Translated by G. Sutherland Edwards.
W. H. Allen and Co.

Some Helps for School Life (Sermons): J. Percival. Rivingtons.
The Royal Navy List: C. E. Warren, R.N., and Lieut.-Col. F. Lean.
Witherby and Co.

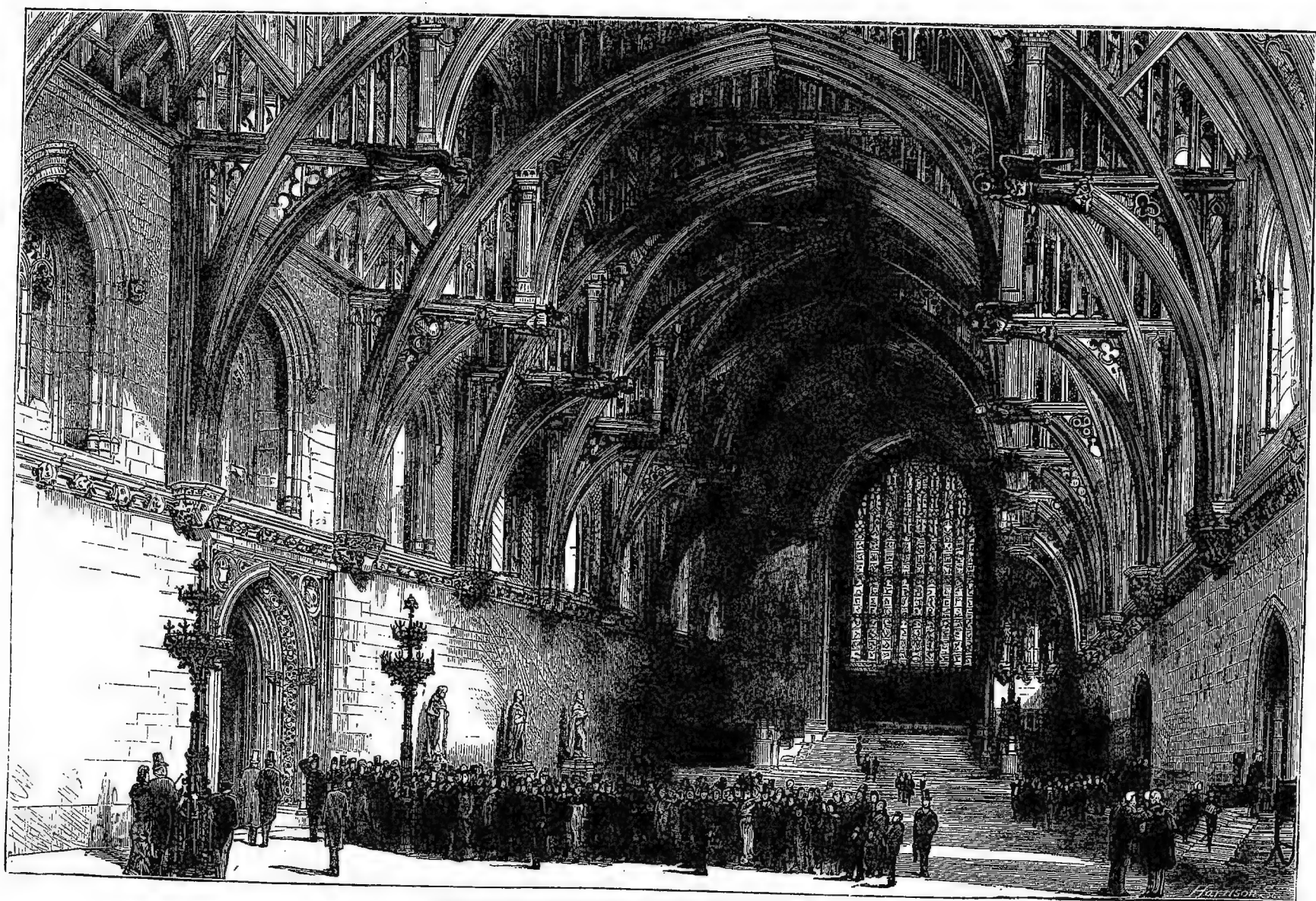
The Holiday Companion: J. Mason, Ward, Lock, and Co.
In Pastures Green: C. Gibbon. Chatto and Windus.
Holidays in Home Counties: E. Welford. David Bogue.



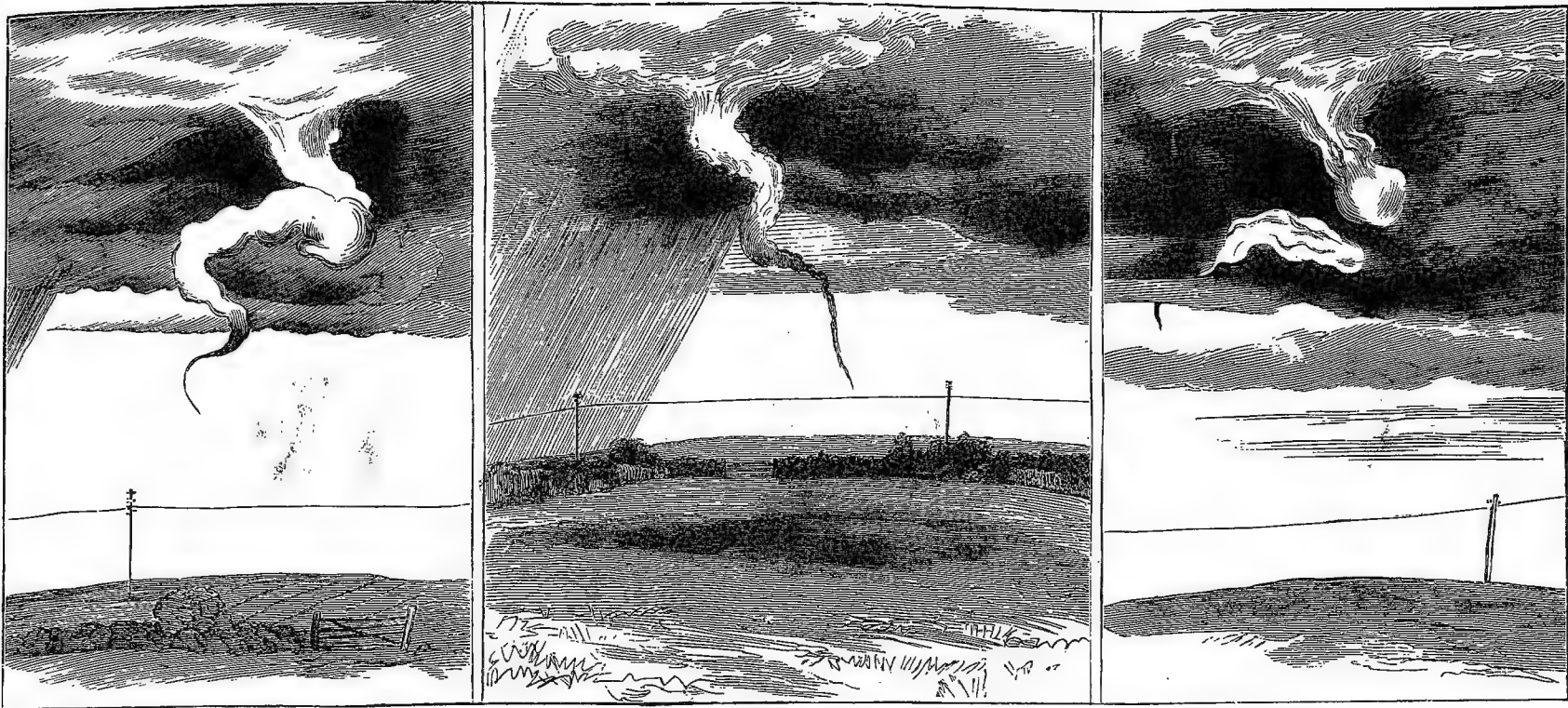
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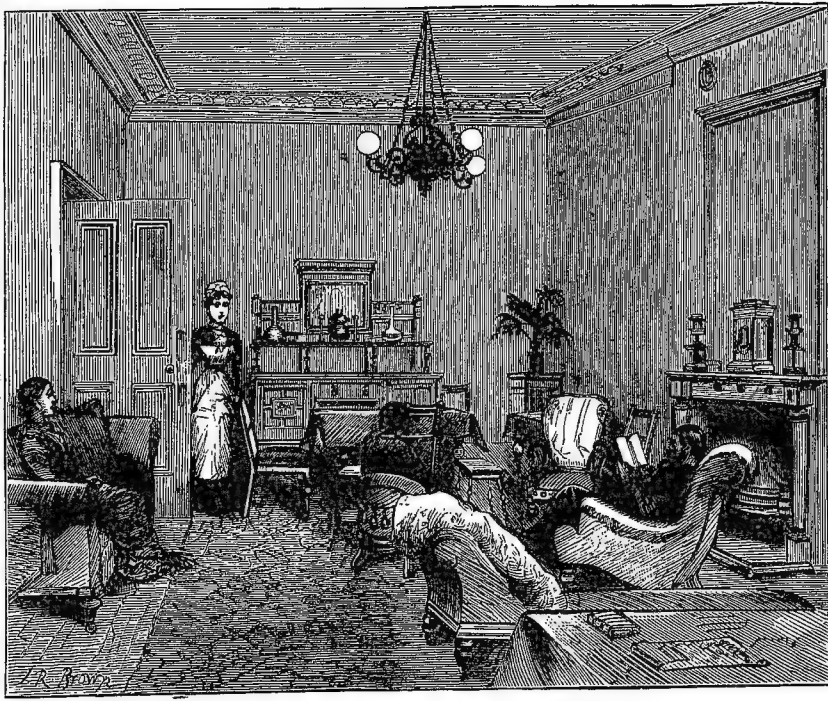


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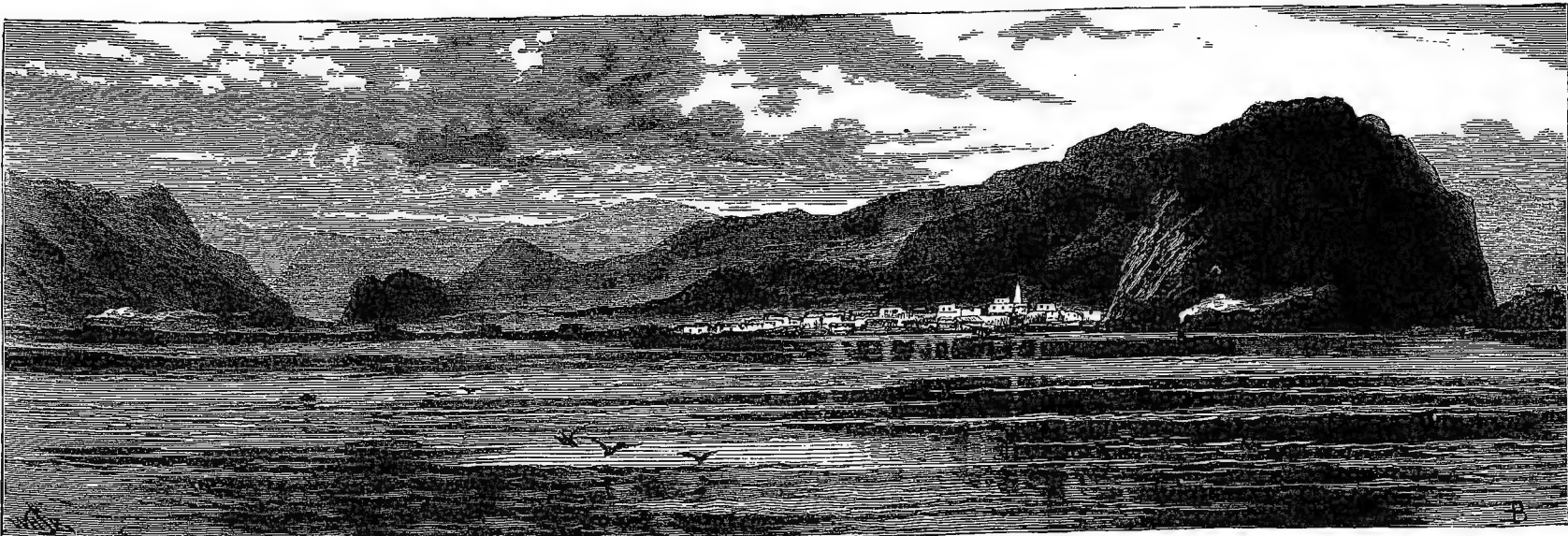
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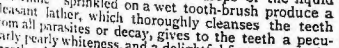
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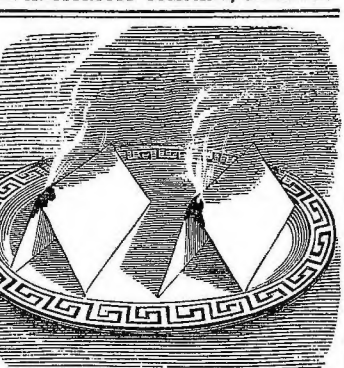
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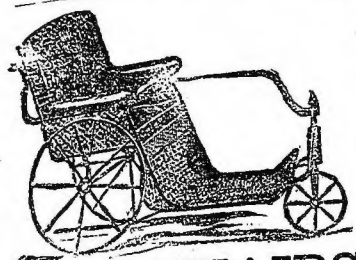
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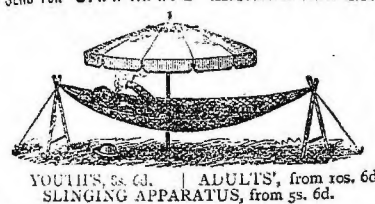
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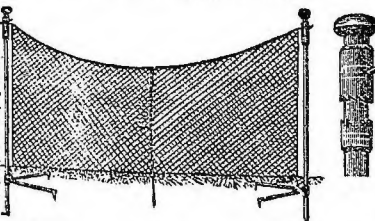


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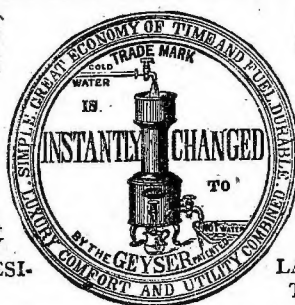
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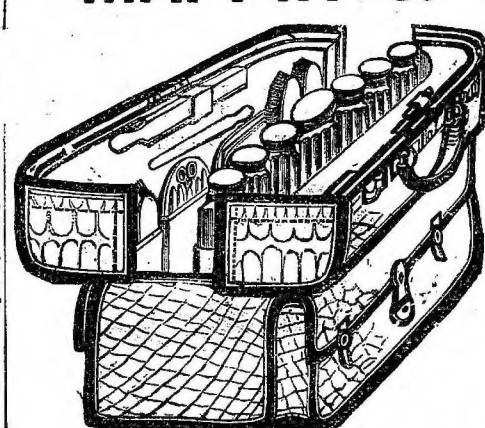
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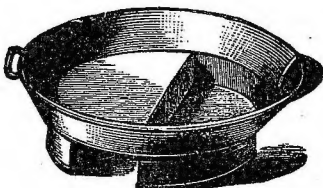
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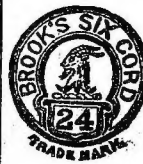
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